WIVES of GREAT MEN By MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

OCT. 1,
1932

Liberty

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America's Best Read Weekly

October 1, 1932 Vol. 9, No. 40

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

IN THIS ISSUE

$2,500 Movie Mystery Contest..... 5

The Weaker Vessel
Lamira A. Williams Jarrell 7
First Story Winner—$5,000 Prize Offer

Wives of Great Men
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt 12
They may have their own convictions, but must keep them to themselves

Moonlight Magic—*A short short story*
H. Bedford-Jones 17

About the Murder of the Circus Queen—*Part II*
Anthony Abbot 18

Twenty Questions................ 27

Fables, Follies, and Colt *Movie reviews*
Frederick James Smith 28

Things We Might Learn from the French!........Diana Bourbon 30
The profit in politeness; to take pleasure in simple things; how to drink—in moderation; loyalty, contentment, and backbone

The Idea of the Game—*A story*
Matt Taylor 34

Don't Look at Your Feet
Lowell Thomas 40
A new adventure among Reckless Lives—the steel birds who brave death hundreds of feet in the air, building our modern skyscrapers

Bright Sayings of Children....... 45

What Are Little Boys Made Of?
Robert Benchley 46

Some New Aids to Better Living
Dr. Seuss 47

Beyond Control—*Part IX*
Rex Beach 48

Cross Word Puzzle............... 55

Vox Pop.......................... 56

$500 Limerick Prize Winners...... 58

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

HURRAH FOR THE FARMER!

At last the "worm" has turned.

Not that we desire to insult the farmers by such a term, but they have been acting like worms for years when it comes to protecting their financial interests.

In practically every phase of life there is a certain amount of organization among workers. Business men have joined together for mutual protection.

And the farmers have various organizations that attempt to do something now and then, but they have been victimized by the forces that stand between producer and consumer.

The consumer usually pays a fair price for what he uses and in some cases several hundred per cent beyond the amount paid to the producer. The middlemen have always exploited the farmers, but with the popularization of racketeering there is apparently no limit in their efforts to buy cheap of the farmer and sell high to the consumer.

And now we have the farmers' strike.

Out in Iowa more than forty men were arrested for picketing. They were stopping trucks outside of Council Bluffs, trying to prevent farmers from taking their products to market. That is an unlawful procedure, but it is just another species of intimidation that is used by strikers everywhere in every phase of organized labor. Labor has made every possible effort to keep up wages, which is commendable. But we have the threat that constantly hangs over employers in the form of violence in case they fail to meet the demands of labor. This is not commendable.

If the farmers desire to stop trucks and make an effort to induce the driver to join them, that could hardly be called unlawful; but of course it would be difficult for such activity to continue without a certain amount of force and intimidation. Doubtless these striking farmers can accomplish but little locally; but, as one of their number states, this method will call the attention of people everywhere to their deplorable situation.

As we said on this page in a former issue, in robbing the farmers we have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. The farmer is the foundation of our national prosperity. Farmers are free spenders. Automobiles, agricultural implements, clothing—merchandise of all kinds is needed by them in enormous quantities. And when we rob them of their just rights, compel them to sell their products below actual cost of production, every business in the country has to assume part of the financial loss.

Although we may deplore the lawlessness of the Iowa farmers, we cannot help but sympathize with them. They ought to be protected from racketeering middlemen. The government tried to better their situation through their efforts to stabilize prices, but the methods used for this purpose had a reverse influence.

When the government confines its activities to official duties of a governmental nature and leaves business alone absolutely—especially the farmers—we will all heave a sigh of relief. Amateurish efforts to control prices are usually disastrous, and not only the farmers but the entire nation has had to pay the bill in this instance.

If everybody wants good wages, we should begin at the bottom. The farmer should get a just reward for his efforts. His wages should be sufficient to enable him to uphold the standard of living for himself and family similar to that demanded by other workers.

When we allowed the middlemen to rob the farmers we were apparently too dense to realize that the loss was being passed on to businesses all along the line.

When the farmers are prosperous we are all prosperous; there are few if any exceptions. And we have no right to object to their picketing methods as long as we countenance similar activity on the part of organized workers in nearly every state in the Union.

With their farms mortgaged to the limit and with nothing to encourage them for the future, they can hardly be blamed for being desperate. And whatever efforts they may make within reason, or to a certain extent without reason, they will have the sympathy of a large majority of our citizens. Everybody wants them to get better prices.

They should demand more direct contact with the consumers; they should demand that racketeering middlemen be kicked out—they usually take no risk and pocket the lion's share of the profits.

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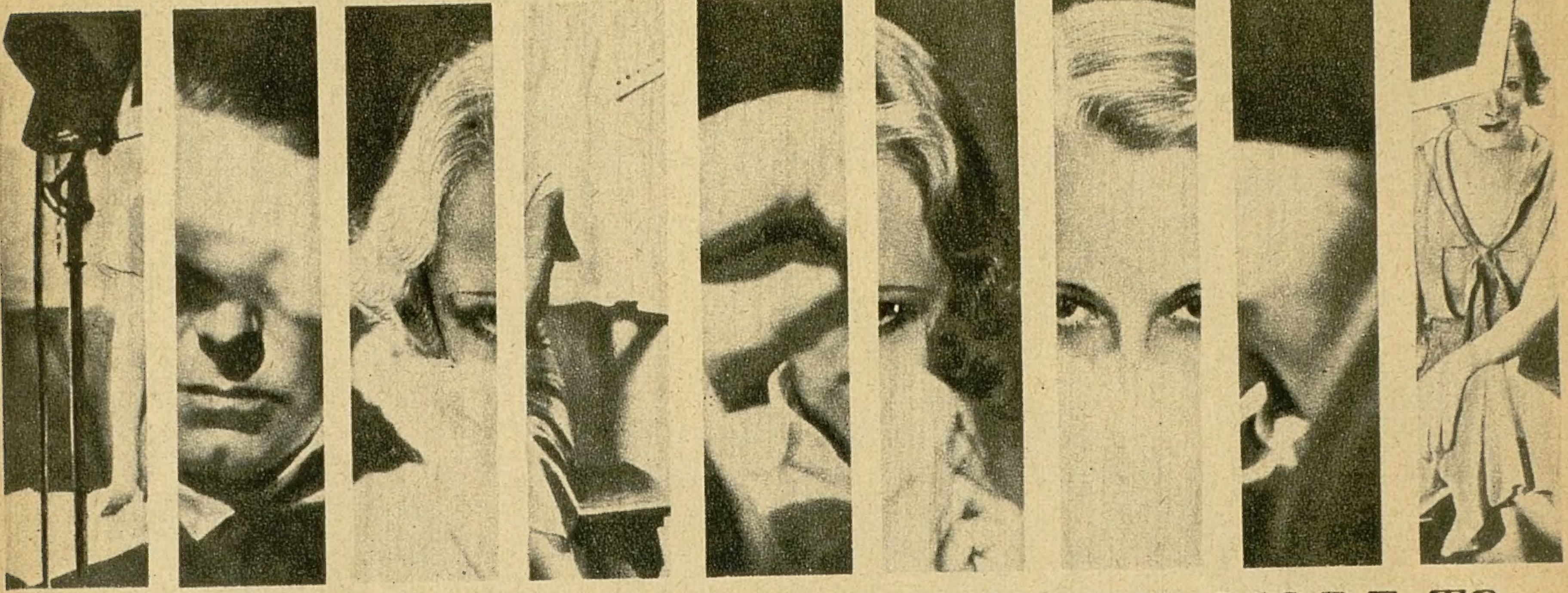
MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

254 BIG CASH PRIZES!



THIS IS PUZZLE NO. 8. ONLY TWO MORE TO SOLVE TO WIN YOUR SHARE OF THE

$2,500

CASH PRIZE FUND

WHEN the Movie Mystery Contest cash prizes are paid by Liberty are you going to be in the money? Is your set of solutions complete and up-to-date? Better check all of them over again after you finish this week's puzzle and make sure you have them correctly identified. There will be a big rush to get your entry filed in a couple of weeks and you will not want to spend time then to make a recheck.

If you have all of the solutions to date, by all means finish out your set. Keep in mind the important money that will be paid to 254 of those who submit entries. You may be among them just as well as not. Indeed, you may be the one whose entry is awarded the first prize of $500 in cash! Or the $250 cash second prize, for that matter. The main thing is to file your claim.

Again let us caution you against spending time and money on elaborate solutions. Decoration will have no weight with the contest judges. No entries will be returned. Further, past contests have demonstrated that entrants who specialize on the form in which their entry is submitted are very apt to overlook mistakes in their solutions. Therefore let us urge that you concentrate on accuracy and simplicity.

Names of the prize winners in the Limerick contests of July 23 and 30 will be found upon another page of this issue.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.

2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.

3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.

4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.

7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.

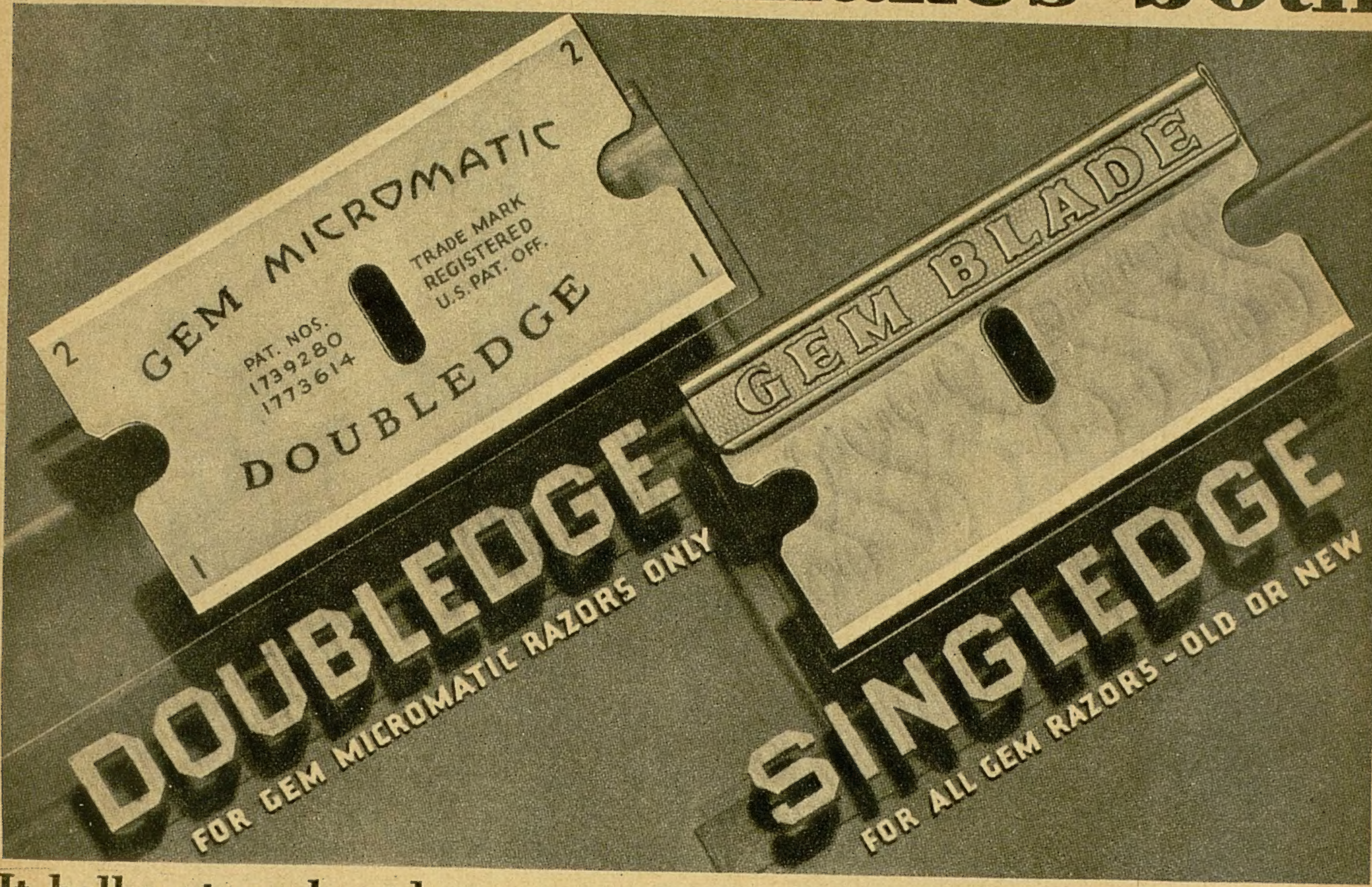
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Two Prizes, each $50	100
Four Prizes, each $25	100
Forty-five Prizes, each $10	450
200 Prizes, each $5	1,000
254 Prizes—Total	$2,500

BE SURE THAT YOU SOLVE PUZZLE NO. 9 OF THE MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST SERIES NEXT WEEK!

Now GEM makes both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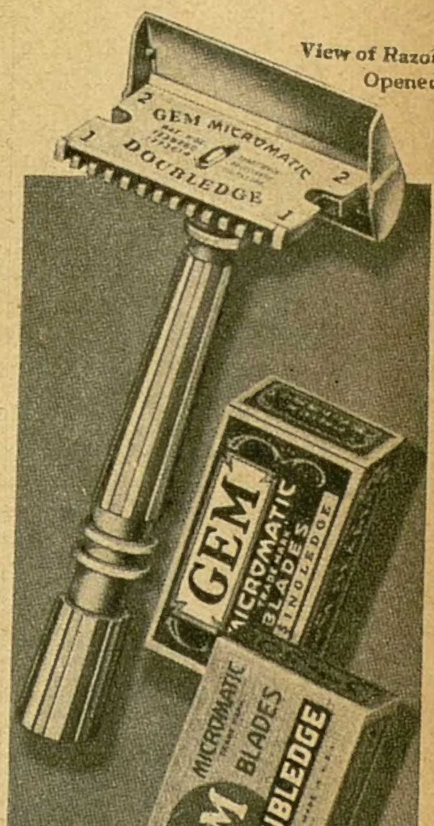
View of Razor Opened


GEM MICROMATIC DOUBLEDGE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEDGE
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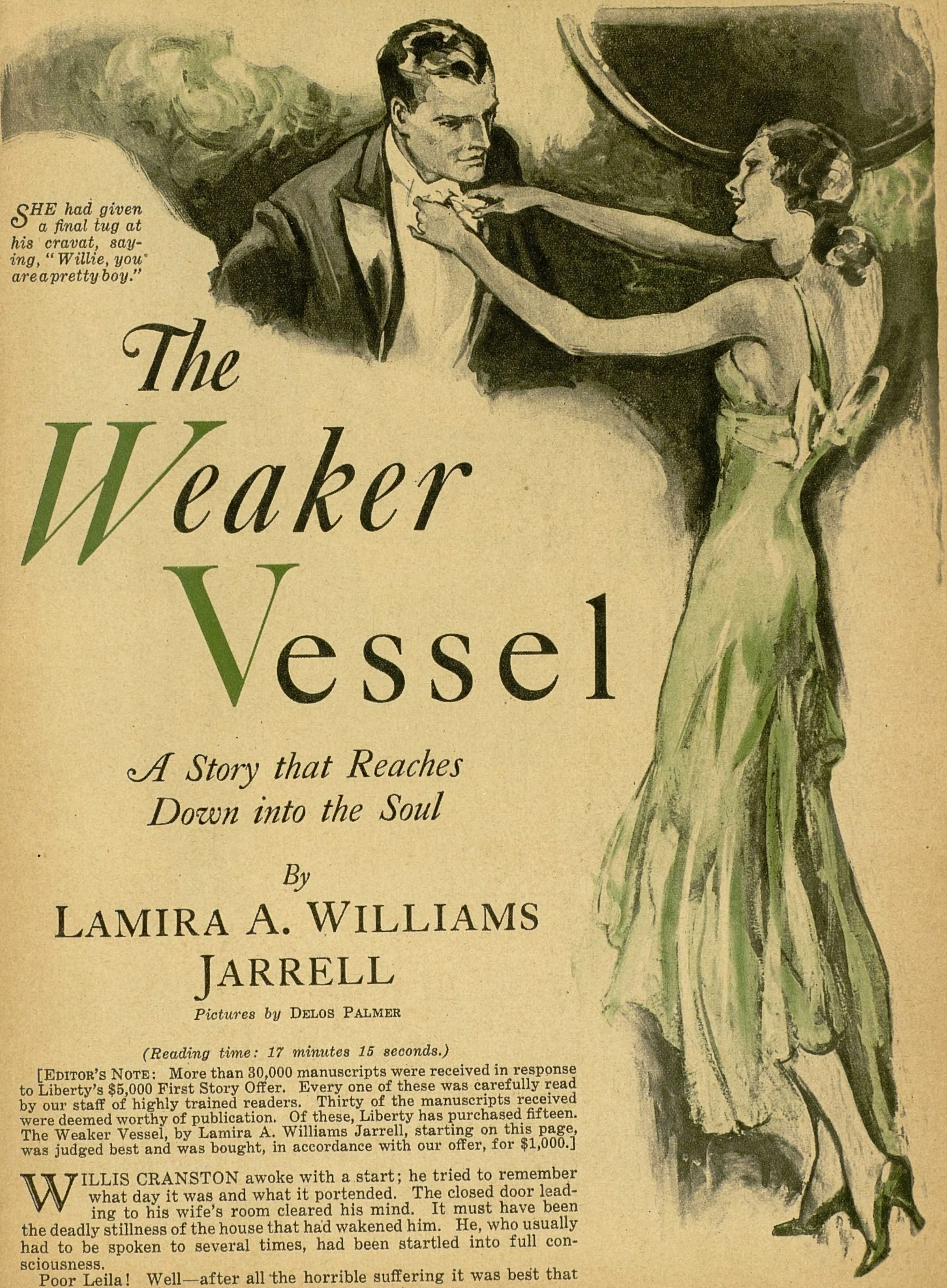
FIRST STORY WINNER—$5,000 PRIZE OFFER



SHE had given a final tug at his cravat, saying, "Willie, you are a pretty boy."

The Weaker Vessel

A Story that Reaches Down into the Soul

By
LAMIRA A. WILLIAMS JARRELL

Pictures by DELOS PALMER

(Reading time: 17 minutes 15 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: More than 30,000 manuscripts were received in response to Liberty's $5,000 First Story Offer. Every one of these was carefully read by our staff of highly trained readers. Thirty of the manuscripts received were deemed worthy of publication. Of these, Liberty has purchased fifteen. The Weaker Vessel, by Lamira A. Williams Jarrell, starting on this page, was judged best and was bought, in accordance with our offer, for $1,000.]

WILLIS CRANSTON awoke with a start; he tried to remember what day it was and what it portended. The closed door leading to his wife's room cleared his mind. It must have been the deadly stillness of the house that had wakened him. He, who usually had to be spoken to several times, had been startled into full consciousness.

Poor Leila! Well—after all the horrible suffering it was best that she should have slipped over the border in the night—

He paused at the closed door from force of habit. With his hand on the knob he felt a strange disinclination to enter. Leila would have laughed at him; would have asked him what he was afraid of; would have asked it saucily.

He was not afraid of her, anyway. Certainly not of Leila, wherever she might be now.

He frowned perplexedly. Why should he have thought of going in? She wasn't there now. Even her body was gone. The modern way of having them taken to the undertaker's—perhaps it was the best way. But he had been so accustomed to going in perfunctorily during these last few weeks, to inquire as to her condition, that it seemed—well, indecent, perhaps, to omit it now.

He passed by the door into the bathroom they had shared in common. As he bathed he found himself thinking of the mornings when he and Leila had matched pennies to see who should have the first bath. Leila never failed to borrow the term coined by a woman writer, " the first rim on the bathtub."

Cranston smiled. Leila was such good fun—before she was taken sick; rather, before she guessed, as she must have, about Claire. And even then, after their relations had become purely platonic, she had had her little quip and joke.

His people had looked down on Leila. Thought she was rather plebeian for a Cranston. But she had suited him down to the ground—once.

THE dining room, like the rest of the house, was strangely silent. As Cranston opened his paper he sensed, rather than heard, the maid come into the room with his toast and coffee. Confound it—everybody in the place must use rubber soles. He didn't like it.

" Sugar and cream, sir? "

It was the inevitable question and it irked Cranston. Dammit! Didn't the stupid thing know after a month of attending to it—ever since Leila had taken to her bed—that he took two lumps of sugar and a medium amount of cream?

He growled an answer.

" Will you have the telegrams, sir? "

" No. Not until after breakfast."

What was the use of getting himself stirred up with a lot of condolences? He'd know soon enough what members of his and Leila's family would be on for the funeral.

The funeral—that anybody as vitally alive as Leila should have a funeral! It was an incongruity—nothing less.

He put his paper down and attacked his breakfast. Bending his head he tried to avoid seeing the vacant chair at the other end of the table. But it had been vacant for a month now. He should be used to it. It wasn't vacant in the same way before, though. There was always the possibility—or was it hope?—that Leila would be back again, grinning at him across the table; saying, " How goes it, old boy? " Or, when things looked dark—as they had many times before that last well had come in: " Buck up, dear. There's always my sock to fall back on, you know. Sock worth a few thousands, stuck away when times were flush with us."

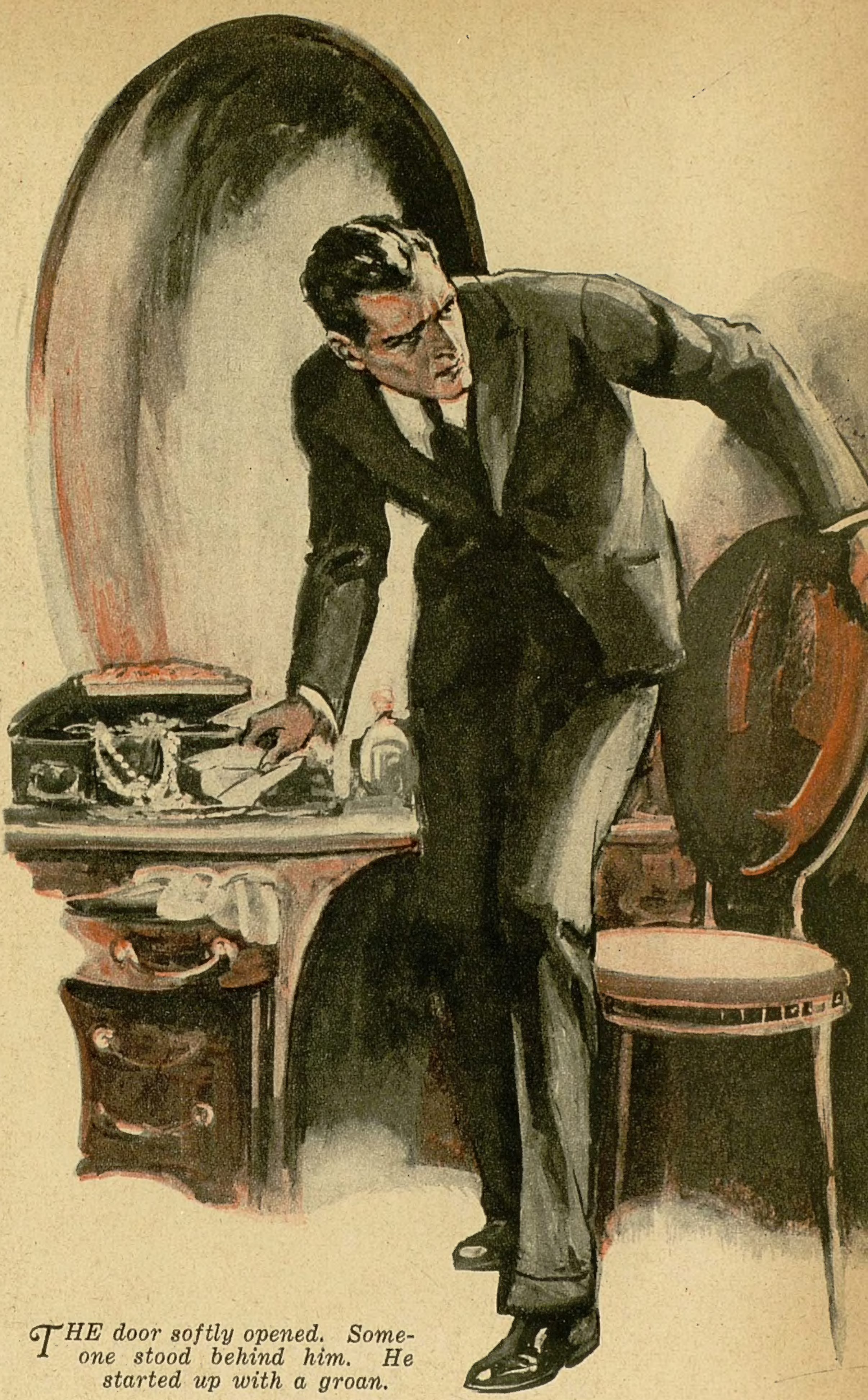
It wasn't financial worry now. He was past that; had soaked down enough in sound investments to carry him along till the end of time. What was it? Why did the day seem bleak? Hadn't he and Claire discussed his divorcing Leila?

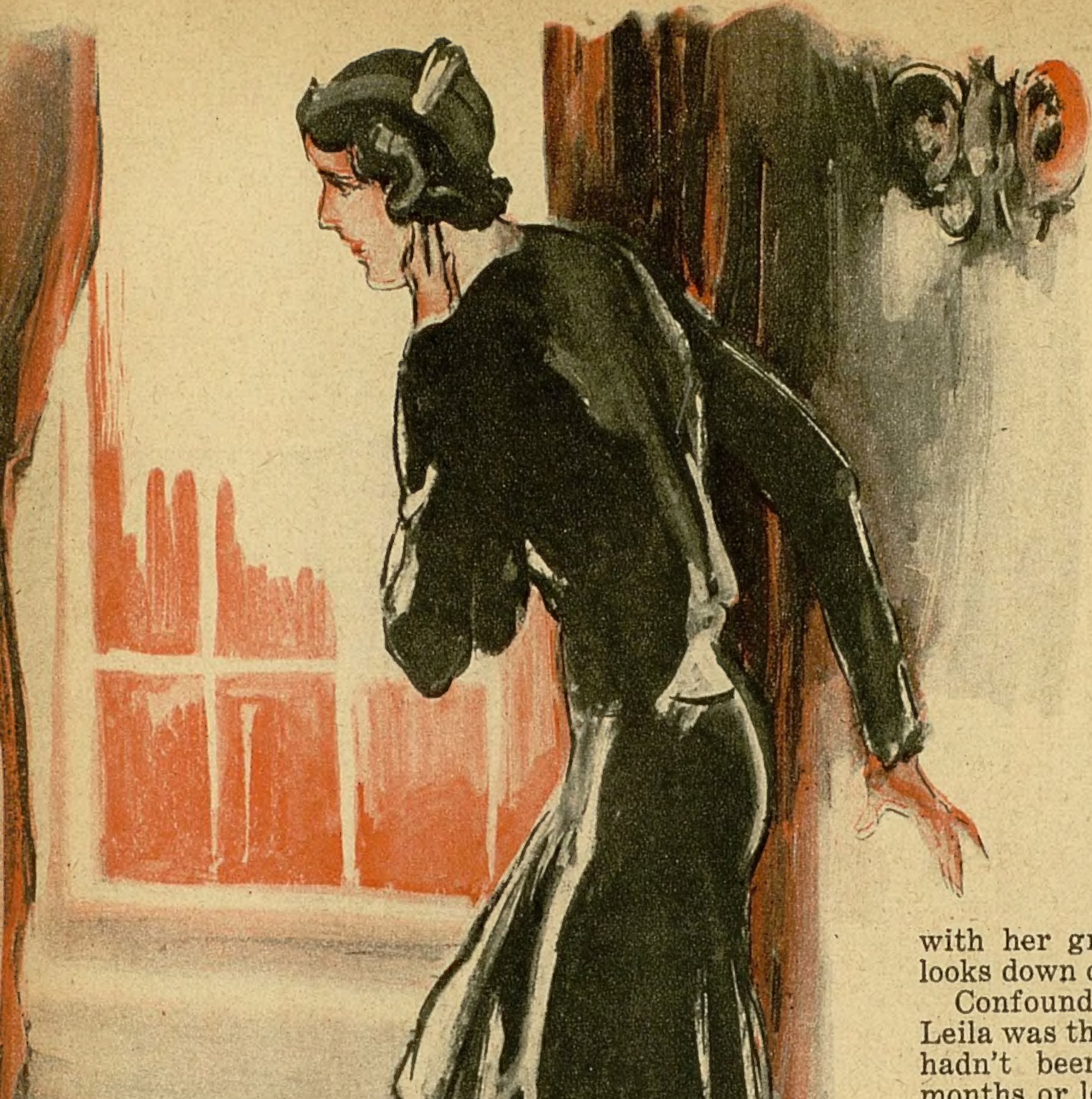
He had never been able to broach the subject to Leila. Had she guessed? He wondered. She would probably have said in her cheerful little way, " Sure, I'll divorce you. Been thinking about it myself. I don't like the jib of your features. Nose too straight, for one thing—"

She would have put her head on one side, squinted up at him critically, and added, " I believe I'll get me an Indian next time; broad, solid; high cheek bones; one who wouldn't be a scion of a fine old New England family. Somebody who'd say ' Ugh ' to all my scintillations."

It hadn't come to a show-down. Leila hadn't said any such thing. But Cranston could imagine that it was exactly along the line of what she would have said if he had asked for a divorce, as Claire had suggested he do. Good sport—Leila—good sport always. And now she had taken herself out of the picture by dying; rather, she had been taken out of the picture.

He glanced across the table finally. Almost he fancied he saw her impish face, the scattered freckles on her


THE door softly opened. Someone stood behind him. He started up with a groan.



small nose, her wide mouth with upward curving lips, her riotous red hair, and the long sweep of her lashes over her greenish-gray eyes. Fancied he heard the gay little lilting voice asking, "How's my master's voice barking this morning? Oh h-h-h—don't wrinkle up your forehead that way. It scares me. What if the market has dropped a few points? I can always take in washing!"

Funny how things always cleared up after Leila had given him a poke in the ribs. A mental poke, of course.

How many times, when the future had looked black, she had suggested that they take a "hitch in their galluses." His mother—who merely tolerated Leila anyway, on her brief visits West and their equally brief trips East—his mother would have raised her eyebrows over such vulgarity. But, he recalled, he always did take a hitch in his galluses, and it was darned good psychology. Things invariably brightened up.

"Anything more, sir?"

"No. Give me the telegrams. I'll take them into the library to read. Should anyone phone, take the message. If anyone calls, take the message."

"Yes, sir."

DEEPEST SYMPATHY AND LOVE WILL
ARRIVE NOON THURSDAY MOTHER

Cranston almost flicked the saucy nose over his shoulder with the piece of yellow paper. "Bad manners, my child," he felt like saying. He would have sworn that Leila was reading the telegram over his shoulder.

"Oh, my, my!" he could fancy her saying. "Now ain't that grand, big boy? Your ma sends deepest sympathy. Who'd ever had thort it?" Leila had loved to tease him with her English. She who had been the brightest girl in her class at college, as had been told him many times by her old schoolmates.

Leila's stepfather was coming to the funeral.

Cranston recalled the watery-eyed, frightened little man who had given Leila away when they had been married. "Poor little scared rabbit," he could fancy Leila whispering over his shoulder. "The big lady with the plumes isn't really a wolf, and she won't eat you, even if she does awe you with her grand manners. And don't you mind if she looks down on you, you dear little bunny—"

Confound it—why did he have to keep feeling that Leila was there with her amusing little quips? Why, she hadn't been there—in his innermost being—for six months or longer. He had put her outside himself. As much outside as was possible, considering it was Leila.

BUT she was a good sport. Never a word of reproach. Never a glum look. Never a reddened eye. Never a letdown in her personal appearance. There had been a—well—something—about Leila that he'd never observed in anybody else—even Claire.

It was too bad Leila hadn't married somebody else. Bud Jannelly had never cared for any other girl. Probably would have been glad to take Leila off his hands if it had come to a show-down.

Cranston could hear the jingle of the telephone; the subdued voice of the maid. The doorbell rang incessantly, too. A low murmur of voices. Once the maid came in. "Mr. Jannelly wants to know if there is anything he can do."

"Tell him no." Cranston spoke with unusual gruffness.

"Very well, sir."

"Confound it, there doesn't seem to be any peace anywhere! I suppose it'll be this way from now on until after— And the house will reek with flowers," he grumbled to himself. "Why didn't I say no flowers in the papers? Oh, well, they'd have sent them anyway. And Leila'd have liked it. She was a perfect child for flowers. She had plenty these last few weeks, too—"

He went out through the dining room into a passageway and climbed the back stairs. Perhaps he could get away from hearing voices up there.

He pushed open the door of Leila's room.

The bed was empty. Not even a little white face smiling through pain. She had tried to keep from moaning. But those last few nights—it had been horrible! She had screamed in agony. But even then she had begged that he leave the room—the house—

"I try to keep from it, Willie dear"—she had called him that to tease him, always—"but there's a little devil inside of me that just yells and yells, no matter how hard I scold."

Her jewel box was open on her dressing table, its valuable contents trailing over the side.

"She was always careless," he found himself thinking.

Then the reproach turned against himself as he touched the pearls that cascaded from the case to the dressing table. Leila hadn't had jewels when she was working her way through the university. She hadn't had them the first years of their married life. She hadn't had fine clothes, either. And how she had worked! She had cooked and scrubbed and washed and ironed and darned. And one time when he'd lost his job and was too proud to write home for help to tide him over, Leila had taken a few boarders. She could cook. Nothing since had tasted as good to him as the meals Leila had cooked.

Cranston smiled as he thought of the time they were going to dinner with Beauchamp, the rich oil man. He'd met Beauchamp, and his knowledge of geology had made the old man think he was a wizard, so he'd asked them both for dinner. That had really been the beginning of his good luck.

Leila had made over an old party dress, and had gone to the ten-cent store and got a few rings and things.

Mrs. Lamira A. Williams Jarrell, the author of this story, was born in Topeka, Kansas, a descendant of Judge Archibald Williams, appointed first circuit judge in Kansas by Lincoln. Mrs. Jarrell's hobby is acting and writing plays, a dozen of which have been produced in and around her home city.

" They'll never believe that the wife of a Cranston would wear paste, Willie dear, and if they think we can afford sparklers like these they'll be more apt to put us in a position to buy real ones."

She'd been right about it, too. Or maybe it wasn't the fake jewels. Perhaps Leila's own personality—her gay banter—her little intimacies which his mother found so shocking, but which won friends to her—maybe all of that had caught and held the Beauchamps' interest and given him the coveted chance to get into the oil game.

Leila had had plenty of jewels since—so many that she was careless with them. Perhaps she felt that jewels didn't matter. And did they? For instance, here were her jewels —and where was Leila?

Her personality—her courage—her little chitchat—did she take all that with her? Certainly those qualities weren't in the quiet form he had last seen on that very bed.

Cranston tried to recall when he had ceased caring for Leila. Was it the night they had met Claire? Leila had looked unusually well that night, too. She was wearing a green velvet gown—apple green—a mere slip of a thing, against which her arms and shoulders had looked milky white. Her only ornaments had been the great emerald pendant he had bought her when the last well had come in, and an emerald dinner ring. He had looked her over with pride before they started for the country club. And she had reached up and given a final tug at his cravat, saying, " Willie, you are a pretty boy," —knowing how he'd hate her saying it.

They were dancing together—how perfectly she danced, Leila—when there had been a stir at the door. The crowd parted to make way for a queen—a queen of beauty. Tall, slender to the verge of skinniness, undulating in her gown of black sequins, white of face, only her lips carmine, perfect of feature, and with great velvety dark eyes that swept the ballroom as if in search of somebody. Cranston had felt a wave of something rush over him. Every woman in the room—yes, even Leila—had seemed ordinary compared with this superb creature. She had caught his eye—and understanding had seemed to pass between them at this moment.

LEILA had been unusually quiet on the drive home that night. But then, he had been too absorbed in his thoughts to have listened if she had talked. Once she had mentioned Claire, and he had been attentive to what she had to say.

" That Mrs. Everingham is more stunning than any woman has a right to be. She's a widow, they say. We women ought to organize against her. Any woman that would make us all look like frumps, the way she did! But I haven't it in my heart to hate anything as beautiful as she."

Good sport—Leila!

They had become friends, Leila and Claire. Whether it was Leila or Claire who had furthered it he could not say. Claire had had the run of the house; had come in as an intimate many times during the past month. Sometimes he had wished she wouldn't. He had been on the verge of saying as much to Claire several times, but couldn't say anything that smacked of criticism. Not to Claire. It simply wasn't done. Claire was taken for granted as some sort of goddess that was above criticism. Still, he had wished that she would not come around in the guise of friendship for Leila—

Cranston went to the closet and looked at the array of dresses on their hangers. It was a distracted gesture. Anything to keep from thinking.

Such an array of clothes as little Leila Tallman had never dreamed of owning: gay skimpy little sport suits; afternoon frocks; wisps of evening gowns, gold and silver and flame color. Nothing was too daring for Leila, for all of her red hair. And shoes to match all the dresses.

There was an undefinable fragrance about her clothes. Not strong. Not offensive. Not obvious. Leila hadn't been the sort to take up every new odor and sprinkle herself with it. Whatever it was she used made one think of heather on Scotch moors; of May trees in England; of violets growing on mossy banks in Connecticut. Always of something refreshing; something suggestive of the out-of-doors. Little Leila Tallman, who had never been farther from home than to the university town twenty miles from Spring Valley, where she had lived, until he had married her.

CRANSTON sat down again before the dressing table. He opened a drawer with the thought of putting away the jewels. Time enough to decide what to do with them after—

He lightly touched the silken garments in the drawer, and they gave forth the same fragrance. It was as if Leila stood behind him—bent over him—touched his hair with her lips—as she had done before Claire's advent.

Something rattled under the garments. He reached for it and drew out a letter, sealed, and addressed to him. He eagerly tore it open; as eagerly as if he did not love another woman.

" Dearest Willie boy," the letter said. Cranston felt that it spoke in Leila's voice.

" Perhaps you'll never see this. Perhaps I'll destroy it. But I'm writing because I'm so desperately afraid and I can't talk to anybody about it. You see, I've been such a cheerful idiot all my life that I've never looked into religion very much, and I've never learned to play the harp. Oh, Willie boy, do you suppose that it's all golden streets there—wherever it is I'm going? I wouldn't like golden streets. I'd rather think it was green grass and shady groves and flowers and things I'm familiar with—and that *you* would be coming along soon.

" Golden streets would seem so hard, it seems to me—like hearts that have never been humanized. And I think they'd be very trying on the feet, but maybe one doesn't have foot trouble in heaven. Not that I've ever had it here, but then you never know what might develop. I've never had cancer before either. And now I have it. They don't tell me it is, but I know.

" I'm young to have cancer. I used to think it was only old people that had it—

" And I'm afraid, Willie.

" Nights when you've been asleep I've wished I could creep into your bed and your arms and your heart. There's nobody else in all the world that could take the scare out of me but you.

" But I know that I won't go to you—not if you don't want me—

" And maybe it won't be so bad. Maybe there's not so much written against me up there. I've tried to think up a little prayer, but I don't know any but ' Now I lay me,' and that always frightened me to death when I was a youngster.

" You can do something for me. Afterward—maybe you can think up a teenty-weenty prayer and say it for me. Just ask God not to be too hard on me. You might say something like this: ' She was an awfully silly little thing, Lord, but she meant well.'

" And, Willie boy, I want you to be happy. Even when I'm suffering the most I think about that. I expect I haven't been much of a help to you, being as I'm so frivolous and not a bit aristocratic. And even at the last dinner we went to I had to wait for the hostess to start before I could know which fork to use.

"You should have married a woman born with a finger bowl in her mouth, so to speak, so she'd never make you ashamed as I must have lots of times. But I meant well—tell God that—

"And, anyway—just be happy—"

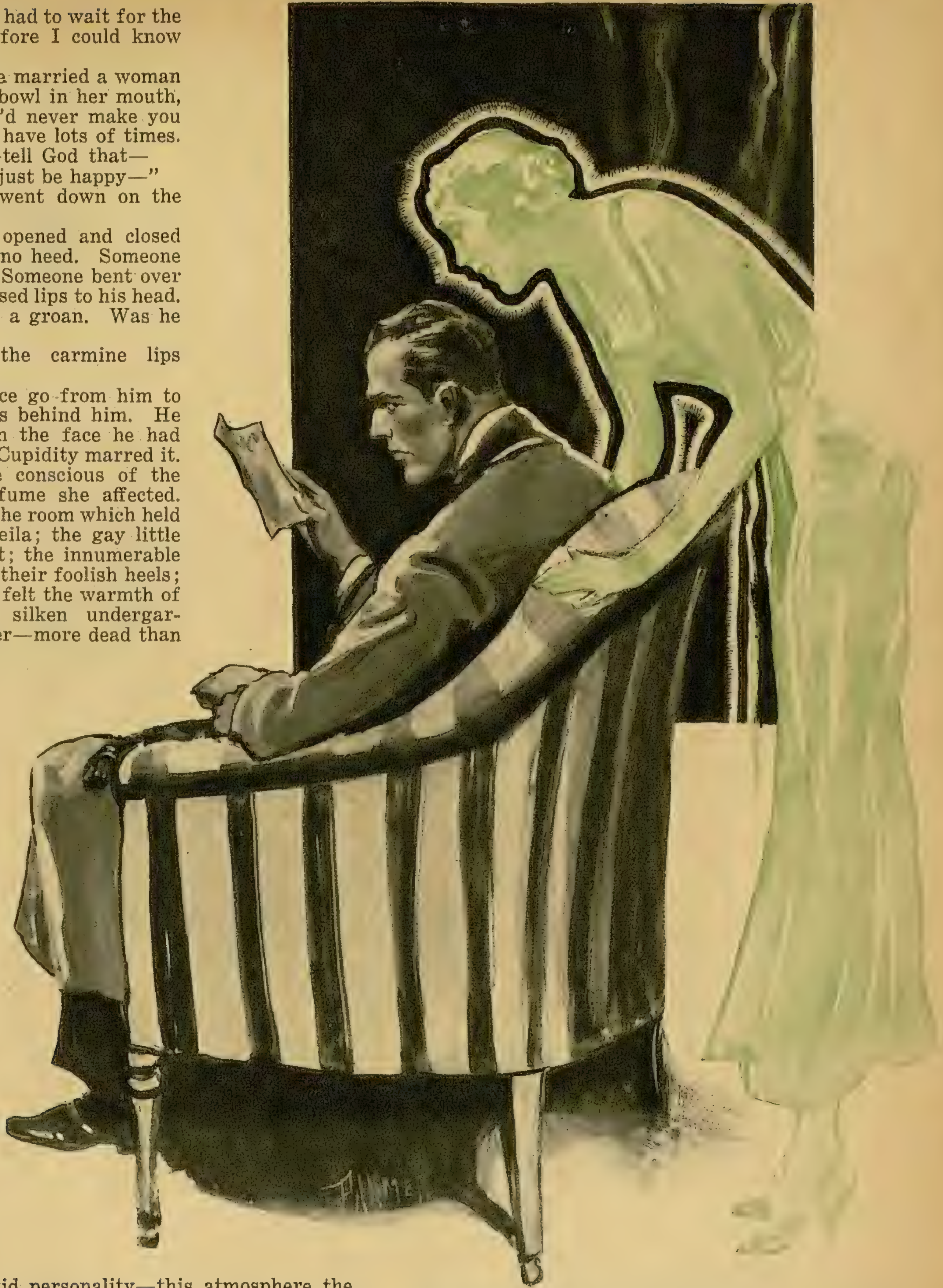
Cranston's face went down on the fragrant little note.

The door softly opened and closed again, but he paid no heed. Someone stood behind him. Someone bent over him. Someone pressed lips to his head. He started up with a groan. Was he mad?

"Poor Leila," the carmine lips whispered.

He saw her glance go from him to the casket of jewels behind him. He saw a transition in the face he had thought beautiful. Cupidity marred it.

Cranston became conscious of the strange exotic perfume she affected. The atmosphere of the room which held the fragrance of Leila; the gay little clothes in the closet; the innumerable pairs of shoes with their foolish heels; the jewels that had felt the warmth of Leila's flesh; the silken undergarments: this stranger—more dead than Leila, with her vivid personality—this atmosphere the stranger profaned.



HE would have sworn that Leila was reading the telegram over his shoulder.

It wasn't because of what had been. If it had been that, his own presence in Leila's room would have been profanation. It wasn't a matter of body, but of soul.

As he seemed to see the stark soul of the woman in Leila's sanctuary the transition went beyond physical belief. The woman before him was a stark corpse. She stood unadorned by any grace of spirit. She was naked but unashamed, because she did not know that she was stripped of the habiliments that had seemed to clothe her.

His soul retched. He felt that he must get rid of her; put her out of sight. She put out her hand to touch him. He knew the touch would be clammy. He shrank from the contact. And then it was as if a little, warm, loving and living hand were slipped into his palm. He stared down stupidly at the letter he still clasped.

Leila whispered to him—was he insane?—Leila whispered, "Let's bury the poor dead corpse between us. All we have to do is to shut the door of our souls upon her—"

Cranston opened the door and held it ajar.

The stranger with the dead soul stared at him. Her lips parted in a smile. To Cranston's perturbed senses it was the ghastly grin of death.

The swish of her skirts came nearer. At the door she paused, turned as if to speak to him; then, as he refused to look at her, she stepped over the threshold.

Cranston closed the door, went over to Leila's dressing table and tenderly smoothed out the little note.

He heard a soft sigh—a contented sigh.

Another accepted story in the $5,000 First Story Offer will appear next week.

Wives of Great Men

They May Have Their Own Convictions, but Must Keep Them to Themselves

Says

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

(Reading time: 18 minutes 55 seconds.)

IN my youth there were no political arguments to enliven the dinner table. The minds of most women were empty of such speculation. I was no exception to this rule. Politically I was totally ignorant as a young girl and as a young woman. It might be thought that, as a niece of President Roosevelt, I must have lived in an atmosphere of political excitement and grown up with a profound political penetration.

This was far from being the case. While I always cherished a great admiration for this distinguished uncle, I learned nothing whatsoever of the science of government from him. Although I stayed occasionally at Oyster Bay and knew my little cousins, they were more interested in badgers and pigs and snakes than in politics. Their father's influence was primarily exerted in outdoor life and in character-building. He would never permit any child to shirk or be afraid of anything. They learned that courage was a cardinal virtue and the lack of it intolerable. Aunt Edith also, through her quiet strength, taught us much. For all his outdoor enthusiasms Uncle Ted could also send us to the realm of books. He often read poetry and excerpts from other books aloud to us, and developed in all his children a real love of reading.

I went to his inauguration as President, and after I was eighteen went sometimes to Washington to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Cowles, or at the White House. But still politics meant nothing to me.

I have thought often of my own youth when I have seen Mary keeping a sharp eye on the school board, or met her on her way to the library for a background book on the Manchurian situation. I was the typical old-fashioned girl of my period, brought up from the time I was nine by my grandmother, Mrs. Valentine Hall, who had strict ideas as to the sphere of women. I learned early that a woman should keep house with care. As a child I was allowed to bother the cook and the laundress, that I might learn these household tasks. I was even given a playhouse in the woods equipped as a kitchen. My grandmother and a strict Alsatian nurse spent hours teaching me to sew. Consequently my ideas of a wife were strictly concerned with the household. No kindly relatives worried over my civic convictions. I was trained to be useful in my home and to recognize an obligation to engage in some kind of philanthropic work.

How different from the modern young girl, who, if she does not hear politics discussed in her home, is exposed to it in the newspapers, in the motion pictures, on the radio. Her education includes courses in municipal, state, and national government, and some foundation in the social sciences. No wonder today's maiden has opinions and is inclined to stand by them.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Mrs. Roosevelt, who will become the first lady of the land if her husband is elected President, tells in this article what experience has taught her concerning the responsibilities and problems of the helpmeet of a man in public life.

THE wife of an office-holder must do her official entertaining heartily and graciously.

Picture by Will Graven

My own education included nothing of the sort. My first glimpse into public affairs came more or less by accident, and then as a blurred, bird's-eye view, from the heights. I peered into the world of politics from the rarefied regions of foreign affairs. Nor, as a matter of fact, could my first acquaintance with this interesting phenomenon rightly be called a view of politics. It was more a perception of the idea that there might be such a thing as international ethics. It was a very advanced idea!

I was in England in school during the Boer War. The cultivated, farsighted woman who conducted the school was vigorously opposed to the war. She could not, of course, discuss her views with her English students, whose parents might have considered them heretical, if not traitorous. But with the American girl, within the privacy of her own library, she had no such obligatory reservations. She could, and did, speak freely. Her discourse, however, was no mere diatribe against the stupidity or injustice of the government, but contained analyses of international ethics.

However, it took me a long time to apply them to my own country. I had no opinions, as the result of such an education, to trouble my friends or my family. I was no trial to my husband in the early days of our marriage. Well do I remember the first time I was asked a direct question concerning our government, the first time I was confronted with the fact that I should know something about it. For I was covered with confusion because I was not only unable to express any opinion, but I was not even able to explain briefly an important part of the Constitution.

When I was twenty I was abroad with my husband. We were visiting friends of the family at their home near Edinburgh. Our hostess was a lovely and a brilliant woman, typical of the alert Englishwoman who knows the politics of the hour to the last detail. We were having tea one day on the lawn. I was basking in contentment until suddenly Lady Helen turned to me and said:

"Do tell me how your country is run. I should particularly like to know the relationship of the federal government to the states. Both seem to have so many separate functions that I do not understand the ways they work together."

I was terrified. I could not say one word. I looked frantically at my husband and he came to my rescue. While he explained the manner in which the Constitution defines the powers of the central government, and how they have been applied in coöperation with the states, I pondered over my predicament. Obviously it was wrong to know so little about such matters.

I thereupon registered a solemn vow that I would learn about politics. Alas, I did not do a great deal to keep it! I began to study a little when I returned to my home. When my husband went to Albany as a state senator in 1911 he did not, however, have a wife with whom he could debate an issue. I was still far from being an expert observer in the world of politics.

IN Albany I did go frequently to the galleries and listen carefully to all the discussions, although I was as interested in the truly remarkable characters in the legislature at that time as in the subjects they argued.

Finally the organization and working of parties filtered through my brain. Talking over Mary's future with her father I recalled these years.

"I shouldn't be concerned about her," I reassured him. "For, though they may disagree, Mary and Jonathan are mutually tolerant. This essential tolerance is of no greater quality or degree than that necessary if they were of different religions. The laissez-faire attitude is always requisite where husband and wife hold varying opinions. As a rule they enjoy presenting their own points of view. But the only result I can see from Mary's ardent indorsement of the League of Nations, for example, and Jonathan's thorough dislike of it is that she has more to talk about than what small Jonathan said before he went to bed, or the bad no-trump bid of her partner.

"Rarely do men and women whose conviction is sincere convert each other. Where there is a lack of emphasis on the part of either, then the more enthusiastic member of the family may be able to change his partner's attitude. Not otherwise.

"Even if a woman has the most definite ideas, she must never try to persuade her husband to do anything he does not consider right. She might not concede that he has the right to change her convictions, but neither must she attempt to change his."

It is imperative that a wife should not interfere with her husband while he is in office. She must fulfill her obligations, perform her duties, and then, *though she may keep her own convictions—she must keep them to herself.*

Decidedly she should not attempt to meddle with her husband's plans, his procedure, or his principles. Nothing is worse, more futile when a man is strong, or politically more ruinous if he is weak. The first duty of the wife of an officeholder is to help him in her own domain; never to control him.

There is no place for conflict where a husband's political career is concerned. The wife's opinions must be subordinated.

It has been my experience that if my husband and I differed upon any important matter, we would talk it out. Then, as with any other person, if we still differed, he would go his way and I mine. We could only have such independence when he was neither holding office nor was candidate for office. When he is actively engaged in public or party business, and I disagree with the stand he takes, I do not discuss it with him or in any way attempt to place my reaction to his action before him.

A wife, I have always held, has a perfect right to her own opinion, but she should *never* nag her husband. She has a right to state her opinion, but she should not go on, in the privacy of their home, emphasizing their differences; nor need she make them public.

I say what I believe, but I will not stump against my party, regardless of its program. I will not sit on the platform where the subject of the speeches is one upon which I differ with my husband and his party; nor will I issue statements about it.

Acme photo

Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt, with their sons Elliott (between them) and John, about to board the plane in which they flew to Chicago after the Governor was nominated for President.

FAMILY differences are always the subject of great public interest. Many other members of the Roosevelt family are Republicans. Yet unless my husband is running for office they do not make a point of discussing their differences. Families are families in spite of political opinions. If, however, my husband's interests clashed with theirs politically, I should support my husband to the best of my ability.

It is natural that I, like most other wives, should have interests of importance to me, and with which my husband disagreed. Yet if a campaign were in progress I should set such an interest aside and give it no further attention until a more expedient moment. Never would I make a household issue of it!

There are few avenues of life where men and women agree on everything. In politics they differ along very definite lines.

Men tend to look at things from a legalistic point of view; women from a practical one.

Women will ask, "What result will this bring?" Men will question, rather, "How can this be done?"

Women are not interested in laws, and often come into politics because of certain ills they see must be remedied. Somehow it is brought to them that they must achieve this result through politics. Therefore this is the avenue they take to accomplish their aims. Between a man and his wife there is frequently the difference of opinion which comes from the types of things which interest them and the emphasis they lay upon different matters. This sort of difference is often hardest for them to understand. The women in this state, for instance, are supporting legislation for the old-age pension because of their sympathy with its human aspect. They have given little thought to it in terms of taxation and ultimate cost to the state. Such details they have brushed aside.

Women generally are more interested in reforms than in tax laws. Consequently, if a bill dealing with maternal and infant welfare is before the legislature a wife is quite likely to consider it the most important measure before that body. Her husband might disagree, insisting that income-tax revision should take priority. Here there is no adjustment of opinion. Each must keep his own. The approach is fundamentally different.

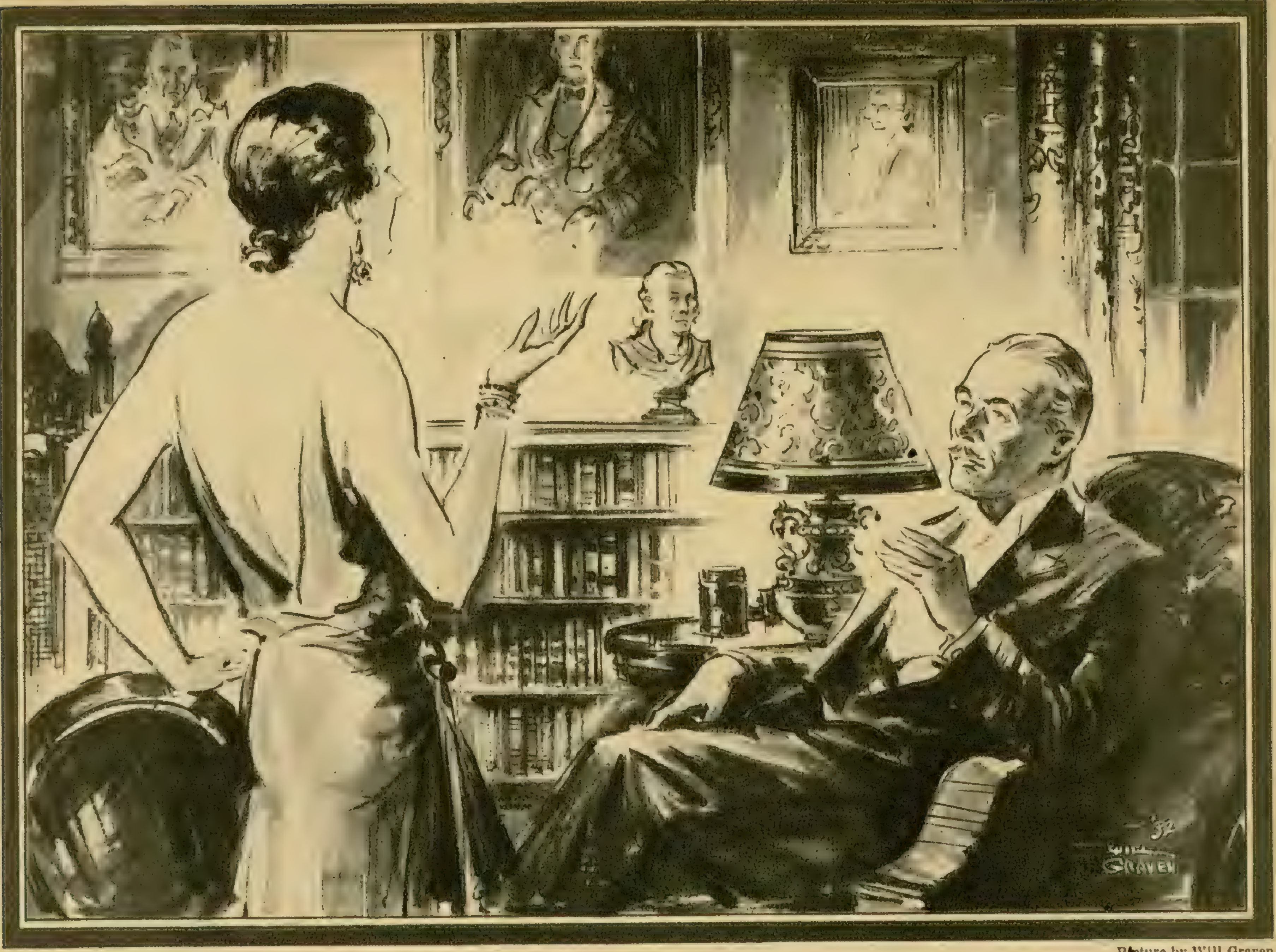
IT is necessary to realize that my generation of women were trained to think along certain lines: the charitable work which meant going to a neighbor's house and staying with the baby while its mother had an hour's recreation at the meeting of the sewing society; or church work; or finding food and fuel for the needy.

My own experience has been that of many women of my generation, namely, an approach to social and economic problems via the route of a personal interest in the miseries of humanity. Women have thought more in the trend of homes, and of charity to alleviate hardship in homes, in illness, and growing children. When participation in politics was thrust upon them they seized upon the side of life they knew. Only lately have they become accustomed to other sides of the government and recognized their relations to the things in which they are interested. They are just beginning to realize that questions of tariff, of organization, of running town and state, keeping down civic expenses, are nothing but group housekeeping; and that foreign relations are nothing but relations between neighbors.

The young woman of today is better able to see the broader aspects of the problems with which state and nation are dealing. Nevertheless she still has the practical personal sense which is the tradition of her sex. This unquestionably gives rise to differences of opinion so inherent that she has them, whether she may have a right to them or not! Like measles or blue eyes, they exist.

Since 1920 the intrafamily divergence of political opinion has occasionally taken a virulent form, demanding drastic measures. The dangerous phase of this disturbance comes when both members of the marriage have embarked upon political careers. When they belong to the same party and subscribe to the same policies, it is possible. When they differ, it is a catastrophe.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HUSBAND AND WIFE BOTH TO HAVE POLITICAL CAREERS. It requires all the energy and united effort of an entire household to support one.



Picture by Will Graven

A politician always has need of a conscientious, competent wife who can help him in her own domain.

This situation was laid before me in the most interesting fashion a few years ago by a woman I shall call Mrs. John Ames. She was a Democrat, a member of the State Committee. A former school-teacher, she was intelligent, persevering, reliable, but not brilliant. Her husband, however, was an unusually promising young lawyer, a Republican whose practice had led him into politics, where he apparently had a glowing future.

They were a happy pair despite their burning differences anent the tariff or our foreign relations. He had been a member of the Republican County Committee, and their partisan opposition had always been amusing rather than bitter.

Now he was candidate for state's attorney. There was no doubt that he would be a competent prosecutor, and might easily follow his victory with others. In addition to being capable, he was a member of the organization of the majority party in his district.

"It is so hard to know what to do in this dilemma, Mrs. Roosevelt," Mrs. Ames worried. "I thought perhaps you might help me. John's work heretofore has been chiefly of the organization type, and so our campaigning against each other has been a party and not a personal matter.

"Everyone thinks John is slated for big things, and I'm very proud to be his wife. Still, I'm in politics myself. I too think I have a future. We have no children, and I have planned to devote my time to politics. It has never before interfered in our home life.

"But now I shall either have to campaign against John, which will hurt him politically because everyone will say that if a woman fights against her husband there must be something strange about it, or else I shall have to give up my own position and my own principles and support him. I am so distressed by this situation. I wonder if you will advise me?"

It *was* a difficult problem and I did not advise her. Advice as to the relations of husband and wife, even when their problems touch the skirts of politics, should always be taboo.

I did try to explain to her my belief that no member of a marriage should try to influence the other. I waited with interest the decision she would make.

After careful deliberation of a few weeks longer, she resigned from the Democratic State Committee. While she changed neither her politics nor her party for the sake of her husband, neither did she intrude her own convictions, or campaign against him. She remained merely the graceful wife.

He is well up the ladder today, and she is still enrolled in the Democratic Party.

WHEN both husband and wife want political careers, like John Ames and his rational wife, the question naturally arises, which one should withdraw? While it still seems abnormal for the husband to leave the political reins in his wife's hands, it sometimes happens.

I believe that under such circumstances the one who cares the less for public life, or is the less fitted to meet its exigencies, should withdraw.

In England, Nancy Astor had such an intense interest and love of politics, and such an obvious flair for it, that her husband withdrew from any family competition. He helps her, instead. When this is the case it is equally or perhaps even more important that the husband should not trespass on his wife's domain, attempt to direct her policies or mold her opinions. His advice should be available whenever it is requested, but he should never try to remake her convictions or offer unsolicited suggestions.

Emily Newell Blair and her husband, Harry Blair, are a happy example of the way in which such principles contribute to a satisfactory career and a successful marriage. Although Mr. Blair had entered upon interesting political activities in his home city of Joplin, Missouri, he encouraged his wife in the public activity in which she became interested during the suffrage fight. In those exciting times Mrs. Blair used to bring luncheons of sandwiches and coffee into her tiny hot office, and her husband would come to share them, his experience, and his information.

When her work had led her farther afield, and she had become vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Mr. Blair had given up all participation in politics himself.

Mrs. Blair today says with pleasure and gratitude that she could never have had a political career without her husband's generous sacrifices, without his occasional suggestions, his willingness to talk over knotty problems, or his support and help during two trying national Presidential conventions. But never did he force his ideas upon her.

However, it is still exceptional for a husband to relinquish his ambitions and leave all civic responsibility upon the shoulders of the distaff member of the partnership. There are more Mrs. Ameses than there are Nancy Astors. And a politician always has need of a conscientious, competent wife.

Matrimony in official life is no small job. When her husband came into office Mrs. Ames found that the duties of a politician's wife are sometimes interesting, sometimes irksome, always demanding good temper, discretion, discrimination, and—by far the greater part of her time.

The wife of any politician must step into her own office, expecting to find her work hard, and complicated by tasks which must be discharged with energy and tact, sometimes with endurance, and usually with infinite patience.

She must be absolutely impervious to personal reactions, whether of praise or blame, in the attitude of the public toward her husband. She must treat everyone she encounters equally well, regardless of what one or another may have said about her husband the night before. She must never be carried away by a desire to seem intelligent or seem to know a great deal. As a wife she must never make any allusion to her own political opinions when they differ from her husband's. She must never agree to try to convince him on any point, whether regarding some stand already taken or upon some matter upon which he has not yet passed judgment.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

SHE must conduct a home which meets all his needs, whatever they may be, without any friction. It must be elastic as regards hours and guests, and likewise afford him perfect comfort and quiet. She must do her official entertaining heartily and graciously. Her work is practically a career in itself.

I myself have endeavored to construct a routine which will accommodate my required duties and yet permit me to preserve my own interests. My first object in the morning, whether in Albany or at home, is to start the household moving. I make a memorandum for the steward or the cook containing the menus, the hours of the meals, and the number of people expected for each. Then I give any necessary household orders, go through my mail, and am free until luncheon.

In the afternoons I occasionally make speeches, especially when I am in Albany, to women's clubs or to similar gatherings. Also, I see people. At Albany I am at home every Wednesday during the legislative session from 4:30 to 6 o'clock to anyone who wishes to come. Sometimes I entertain two guests; sometimes a hundred. Mrs. Herbert Lehman, wife of the Lieutenant Governor, or one of the other official women, comes to pour tea. As I teach three mornings a week in New York, I leave Albany after dinner on Sunday nights, and return in time to be at home on Wednesday afternoons.

Sometimes such a life is exasperating for the woman who has her own gifts, particularly if she would like to employ in a more congenial fashion the time taken up by the infinitude of small demands made upon the wife of a politician. The business of governing is one which, like the homekeeping of the pioneers of old, needs the coöperation of the feminine portion of the household.

THE younger servants of the public naturally have wives reared in the new trend toward individual independence of thought and action. The urgent need for peace and agreement between the politician and his wife is consequently often difficult for a young and eager woman to fill. It is hard for her to refrain from discussing the other side of the issues with her equally alert friends.

I learned with my husband the ideals as well as the technique of public service.

I learned from him principles and policies, as well as procedure, organization, and the conditions which prompt them.

Thus, with no struggle at all we found ourselves agreed, for example, on the tariff issue. We are unanimous in feeling that customs should be reduced. We agree heartily in our liberal views on foreign relations, although I tend to be somewhat more radical than he. This is a common phenomenon in this realm, where women have no heritage of national inhibitions, no obsolete credos taught in youth to obstruct their views.

We both believe that our country is showing a hopeful tendency in some ways. Yet we do feel that we have been too completely absorbed in our own materialistic gains—certainly not an attitude or a policy designed to bring about a real and lasting solution of international affairs, or national ones. A state ruled wholly by the self-interest of a few cannot be just.

Governor Roosevelt and I both have great confidence in the judgment of the average man. We believe in wide distribution of civic work and hold that as many people as possible should be interested in public service. The more power resides in the people as a whole, the better we think it is for each of them and for the nation.

Naturally labor conditions and their improvement have always attracted our mutual attention, and we have always been agreed in our interest in prisoners and wards of the state, and what should be done for them; and, indeed, for the administration upon the most liberal lines of all state institutions.

However, whether the political wife grows up with the family opinions as her own, or whether she brings her own preconceived ideas together with the wedding presents and heirlooms into her husband's home, she may keep them, but she must keep them to herself.

THE END

Moonlight Magic

A Short Short Story

(*Reading time: 5 min. 47 sec.*)

By

H. BEDFORD-JONES

"PARDON, M. Desmond," said the hotel manager. "The gentleman to whom you were talking—you know him?"

"Eh? No," returned Desmond. "I've asked him to dine with me tonight. Lessarte was the name."

Desmond, in the interests of his Paris newspaper job, frequently put up at the Transat, hence was known.

"M'sieu'," said the other, "it is necessary to warn you. Lessarte is an assumed name. He is a Belgian, once a nobleman. He married a girl of high family, squandered her money, was a brute. There was a child who died. She is said to have gone mad. One does not know truth from rumor, you comprehend. Her family kicked him out. Now he is a remittance man, here in Morocco. He has native friends and lives by his wits."

"Thanks," said Desmond. His gray eyes, so startling beneath his black brows and hair, danced with amusement. "Took me for a tourist, eh? I'll have some fun with him tonight, then."

The other shrugged. "As m'sieu' chooses. And—a secret! At noon on the hotel autobus from Casablanca arrives La Corcel—no other. Cécile Corcel herself, m'sieu'!"

At noon he witnessed her arrival. For the past five years Cécile Corcel had been the glory, the enigma, the despair of Paris. Desmond had heard scores of wild rumors about some life tragedy, never affirmed, never denied.

He saw her that evening, as he and his guest were finishing dinner in the Moorish dining room. She stood in the doorway as though about to enter. Suddenly her eyes rested on him with a startled expression. Then she turned abruptly and was gone.

"I am a person of mood, *mon ami*," Lessarte was saying. "Just now the moon is rising, the full moon. There is a place I love to see at such an hour; tourists never hear of it. Would it interest you to accompany me?"

"By all means! What is the place?"

Lessarte pushed back his chair, an odd warmth of emotion in his eyes.

"The most beautiful house in the world. I'll show you."

Desmond, who himself knew Marrakesh intimately, shrugged and was agreeably conscious of the pistol under his armpit. So the man was going to the Dar-el-Beida! Then it was a mere drab attempt at robbery or murder.

They left the hotel together. As they walked down the Rue R'milia, a shadowy figure came flitting after, clad all in black. Desmond, sighting it repeatedly, laughed to himself. This crude stuff was hardly interesting.

On below the Kasba, past the Sa'adian tombs, to the Agudal gardens. Desmond glimpsed the dark-cloaked figure still behind.

Skirting great towering bunches of the flat-lobed Moroccan cactus, they came to an empty field between two walls, and halted.

"On this spot, m'sieu'," said Lessarte sonorously, "the Sultan Al-Mansur the Victorious lived nearly four hundred years ago. He determined to build the most beautiful house in the world. He had twenty thousand slaves to set to work."

Desmond, who knew all this, said nothing. Lessarte went on to describe the completed palace, his voice deepening into sonorous music, thrilling with emotion.

"You almost make it live again," said Desmond, when Lessarte paused. "What became of this palace, then?"

"A hundred years later Mulai Ismail walked through its corridors; he too was a builder. Stricken with envy, he ordered it destroyed. I have often cursed him for that deed!"

"Yes. Yet, who knows?" said Desmond thoughtfully. "The most beautiful thing in the world may be that which existed once but now can be glimpsed only in the magic of moonlight."

"My friend, you have expressed a profound truth," Lessarte said in a mournful voice. "Once I too possessed the most beautiful of all things, until it was shattered by my own mad folly."

"I am curious to know," said Desmond presently, his eyes on the shadows of the huge cactus clumps behind and to either side, "just why you tell me this story, M. Lessarte."

"Perhaps, m'sieu', because your eyes are gray and your hair jet-black, like those of —of someone I once knew."

He fell silent, then produced his cigarette case. Desmond caught a slight sound in the cactus shadow directly behind.

"A cigarette?" Lessarte extended his case. Desmond accepted in sardonic amusement. "I regret that I must ask you for a light, however—"

Desmond took out his lighter, flicked it, and Lessarte leaned forward to the tiny flame. Then the lighter fell. As Desmond's fist smashed home under his ear, Lessarte went down without a sound.

"Come out of that!" Desmond whirled and his pistol leaped into sight. "Quick, assassin! I've been watching you all the time. I know your game. Step out or—"

The cloaked figure moved out into the moonlight; a low, husky voice spoke: "You have killed him!"

"Nothing of the sort. But I'll kill you, quick enough, if you pull your knife! Took me for a tourist, eh? Meant to knife me and rob me—you and him together on it, eh?"

THE black hooded cloak was flung away. There in the moonlight stood Cécile Corcel.

"It is not as you think, monsieur," she said. "I saw you two dining together. I was overcome with perplexity, with fear, with a thousand emotions—I wanted to see and hear. And I heard—*mon Dieu*, I heard!"

Her voice drooped; then it went on:

"Had he lived, he might have been like you, with gray eyes, black hair—a rare thing. Our boy, do you understand? Our son. Ah, I implore you, go! Leave him to me, this man."

Desmond stepped back. "Forgive me," he said softly.

A smile came to her face. "You remember what you said just now? The most beautiful thing in the world is that which is gone; the days that are no more. And why? Because in the magic of this moonlight it may exist again, all that is cloaked in unhappiness—ah, monsieur, I must thank you for those words. But do you not see how impatient I am?"

As Desmond departed he heard the voice of La Corcel.

"They told me you were dead—they told me you were dead in Morocco, here, years ago! Never mind what happened, my dear; it is enough that I am here, that we have found each other once again—"

When Desmond came into the hotel, the manager met him with anxious, searching gaze. Desmond smiled. "You needn't bother about Lessarte any more. He's dead."

"*Mon Dieu*, monsieur! When did he die? Where?"

"Tonight," said Desmond, smiling a little. "In the most beautiful house in the world."

THE END

About the

Puzzle of the Death Notes—The Witch Doctor's Warning—An Unsuspected Killer—The First Lady of the Air—Catastrophe Strikes

(Reading time: 35 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the story of a staggering crime. Colonel Tod Robinson, owner of a circus about to open at Madison Square Garden, reported to Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt a string of mysterious accidents and anonymous threats. Colt, his secretary (who tells the story), and District Attorney Dougherty followed Robinson behind the scenes. They walked past the Ubangi freaks, two of whom Josie La Tour, the fiery circus queen, had whipped, and looked up Flandrin, La Tour's acrobat husband. Flandrin had received a letter threatening death in case he performed his double twist. "Will you perform it?" asked Colt.

PART TWO—SUDDEN TERROR

"I HAVE yet to decide whether I shall do the double twist," replied Flandrin with an aloof air.

"Say, what on earth is a double twist, anyhow?" wheezed Dougherty.

Robinson promptly explained:

"Flandrin is talking about a trick, a combination of double somersault and twist, which every ambitious acrobat in the world would like to accomplish. All of them have failed—because it defies the known laws of gymnastics."

The acrobat raised a deprecatory hand.

"Pardon me. I have managed on several occasions to perform the double twist," he corrected in a gentle and humorless voice. "I am probably the first person ever to have done that. But I cannot do it as yet every time I try. It is dangerous, too—but I shall reduce that danger to nothing. It was La Tour who inspired me to try to master it. And she will continue to inspire me until I have worked out the perfect routine. Then I can do the double twist whenever I want to. All the credit will really belong to my wife—the great, the famous Josie La Tour. And if I decide to try it tonight, no threats of death can stop me."

This singular harangue was delivered in a singsong voice, almost as if uttered in sleep.

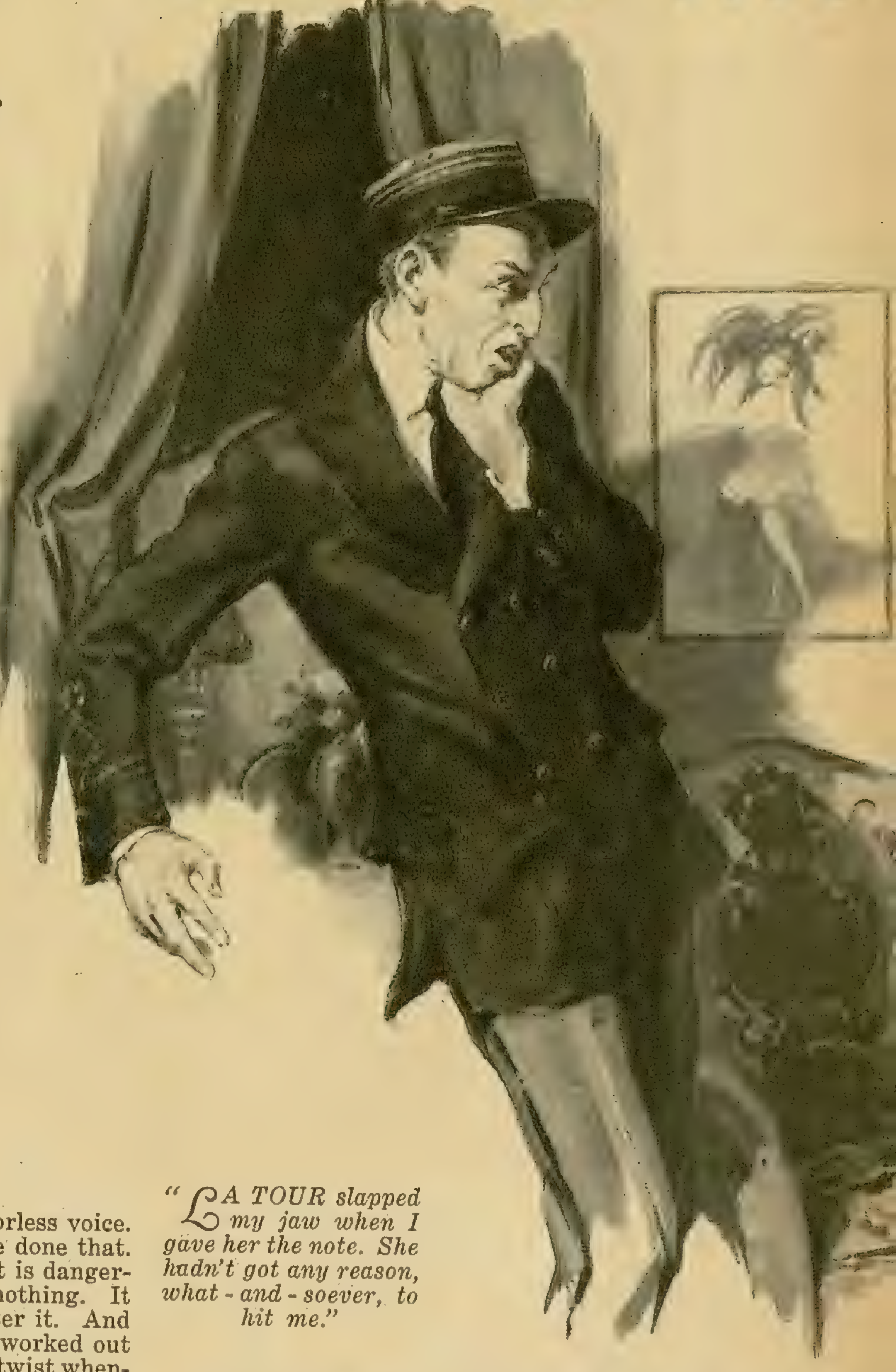
"Noble sentiments," pronounced Colt, with a bland smile. "I have heard a great deal about the professional jealousy of husbands and wives in the theater and the pictures. Evidently it doesn't exist in the circus."

Again Flandrin made his dancing-master bow.

"No, no—there can be no jealousy between a talented artist like myself and a genius like La Tour," was the grandiloquent reply.

"How will you decide whether or not to do your special trick?"

"The double twist? My wife will know that. I have not seen her as yet; I must ask her advice."



"LA TOUR slapped my jaw when I gave her the note. She hadn't got any reason, what-and-soever, to hit me."

Colt's eyes narrowed. The acrobat was growing more and more annoyed at the questions.

"Where did you find this note?" inquired Colt, suddenly direct and sharp.

"It must have come in the mail today—I found it here on the table, left there by Colonel Robinson, who had received it from my wife. She opened it in my absence. Now, please—is there anything else?"

"Can you identify the handwriting?"

"No, no!"

"And you have no suspicions?"

"No, no, Mr. Colt. I am not of a suspicious nature. Probably just a crank letter. What is it you Americans say? . . . I mind my own business!"

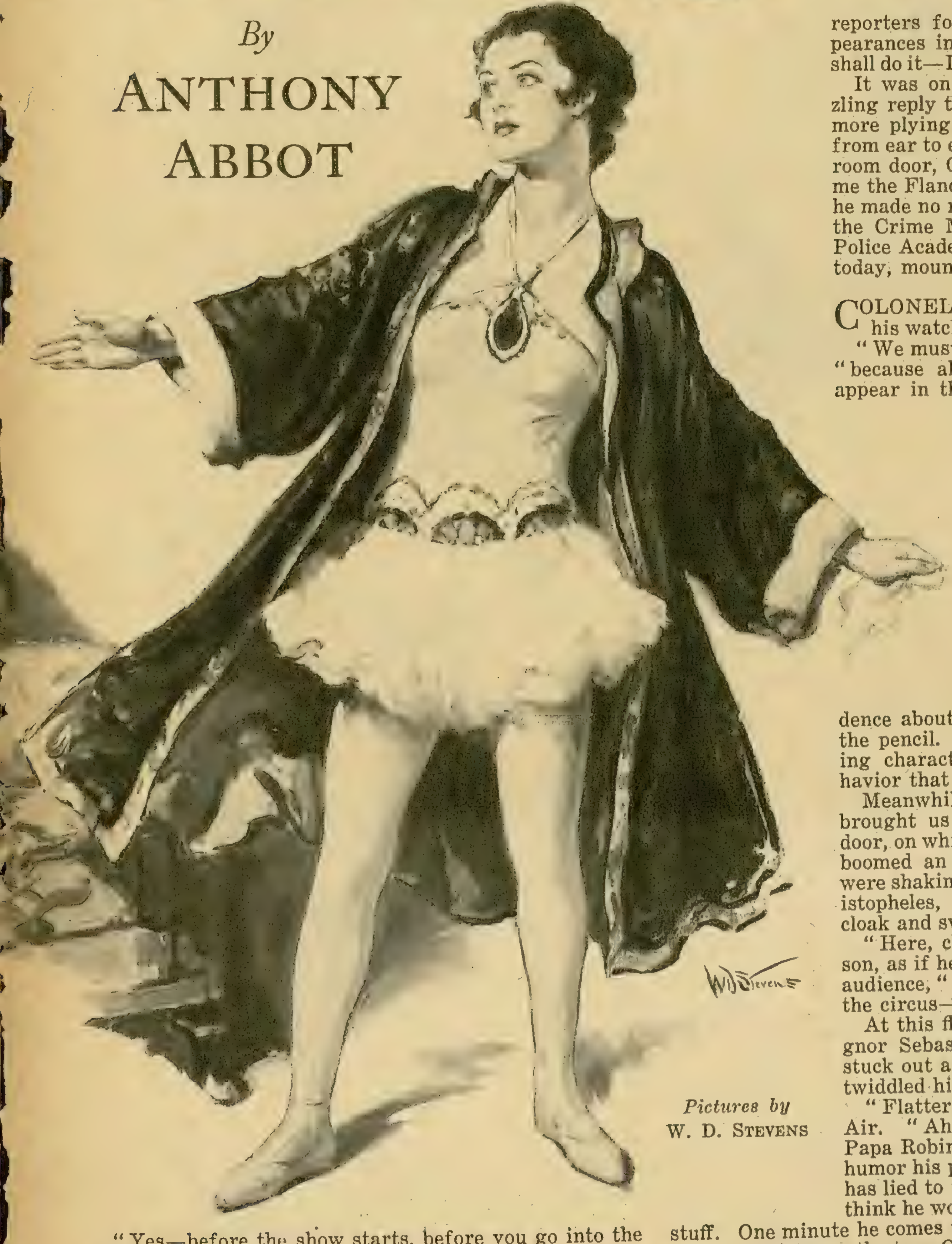
"Before we go—can you tell me when you will decide whether or not to do the double twist?"

"When?"

Murder *of the* CIRCUS QUEEN

By

ANTHONY ABBOT



Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

"Yes—before the show starts, before you go into the ring, or—"

Flandrin shrugged.

"I will have only a minute with my wife, if that. Colonel Robinson has arranged a series of interviews with the reporters for me, in between my appearances in the arena. I doubt if I shall do it—I must talk with La Tour!"

It was on this unresolved and puzzling reply that we left Flandrin, once more plying his green make-up pencil from ear to ear. Outside the dressing-room door, Colt reclaimed and gave to me the Flandrin note of warning. But he made no reference to the pencil. In the Crime Museum of the New York Police Academy the letter may be seen today, mounted and glazed.

COLONEL ROBINSON glanced at his watch.

"We must not linger," he cautioned, "because all the performers have to appear in the opening spectacle."

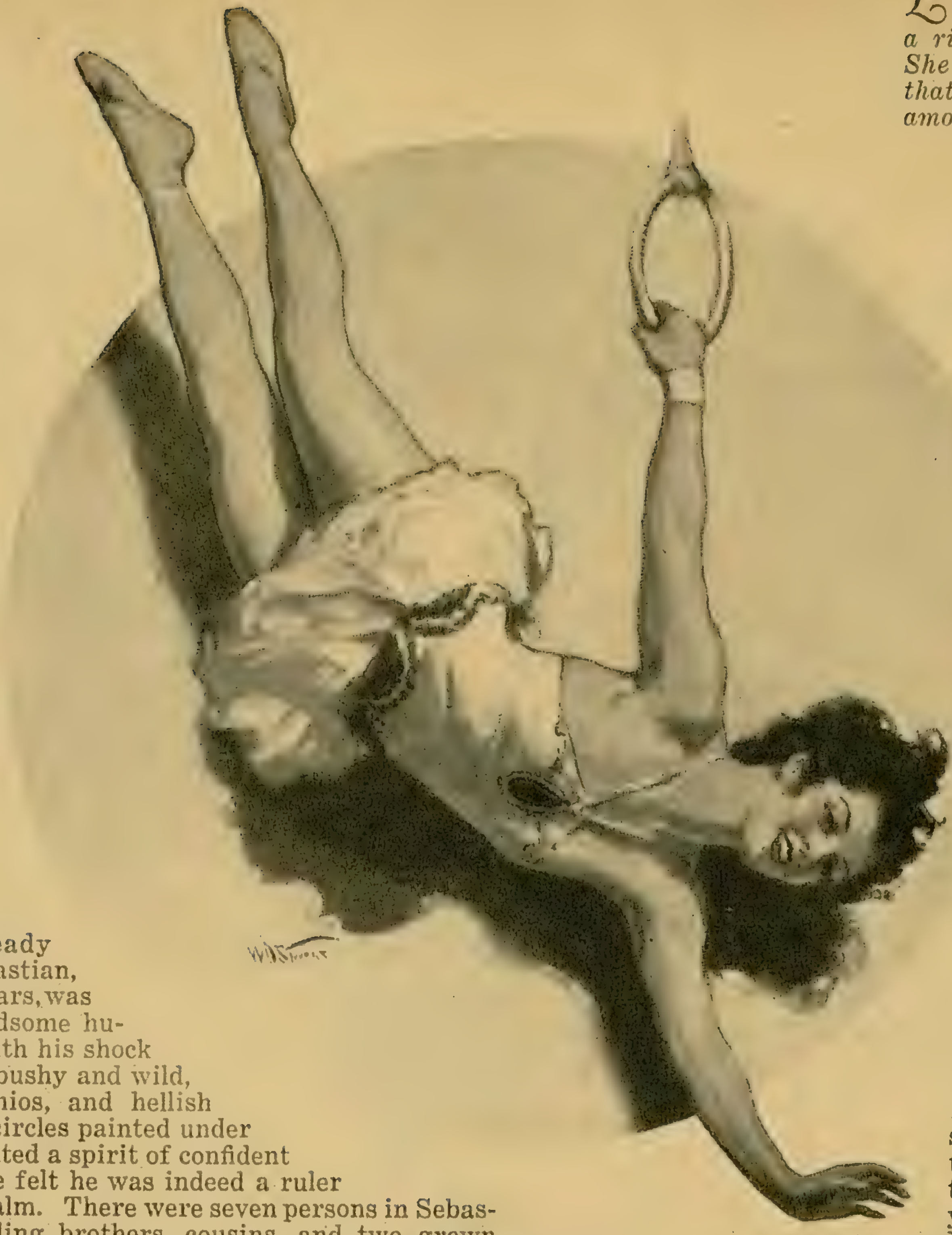
As we started off my head was beginning to seethe with questions. Had Colt believed the pencil on the dressing-room table was a clue to the note writer? True, the quality and color of lead were similar. But any clever criminal would be too careful to leave such damning evidence about. Yet Colt had abstracted the pencil. Had he noted any betraying characteristics in Flandrin's behavior that made him suspicious?

Meanwhile the circus owner had brought us to another dressing-room door, on which he rapped. A bass voice boomed an answer, and presently we were shaking hands with a giant Mephistopheles, swaggering in red tights, cloak and sword, tail and horns.

"Here, chief," cried Colonel Robinson, as if he were announcing to a vast audience, "is the acknowledged king of the circus—Signor Sebastian!"

At this flamboyant introduction, Signor Sebastian threw back his head, stuck out a long waggling tongue, and twiddled his thumbs in his ears.

"Flatterer!" roared the King of the Air. "Ah, Mr. Colt—you hear how Papa Robinson tries to keep in a good humor his poor underpaid artists? He has lied to them for so long, you would think he would at last get tired of such stuff. One minute he comes to the door and tells us that we equilibrists are the true Olympians. His very words, Mr. Colt! And in the next breath he will fine me ten dollars for a minor infraction of his rules. . . . I hope you gentlemen find yourselves well this evening?"



LA TOUR slipped down slowly, hanging from a ring by one small hand. She was ready for the feat that made her supreme among the world's aërialists.

Though already past forty, Sebastian, like most aërial stars, was a strikingly handsome human animal. With his shock of reddish hair, bushy and wild, infernal mustachios, and hellish blue and yellow circles painted under his eyes, he radiated a spirit of confident wickedness. One felt he was indeed a ruler in his infernal realm. There were seven persons in Sebastian's set, including brothers, cousins, and two grown sons. But they were scattered in other dressing rooms. Sebastian, the king, dressed alone.

"You received a threatening note," Thatcher Colt smilingly reminded him. "May I see it?"

The painted face of the Mephistophelean acrobat looked startled. "You have reported this note to the police?" he cried, wheeling on Colonel Robinson. All his complacent good humor suddenly vanished. "Now my family will hear about it—my wife will perish of fear!"

"Let the Commissioner see the note," snapped Robinson, not pleased at the raillery of the trapeze king.

Grunting disapproval, Sebastian walked into a deep closet at the far end of the room, lifted a briefcase down from a shelf, and began to finger through its jumble of contents.

"Sebastian is a real trouper," explained Robinson, at once himself again. "They all resent outsiders—but he would give you his shirt. Born in a tent and wants to die nowhere else but in the show—the son, the grandson, and the great-grandson of an acrobat."

At a moment's notice, Robinson declared, the King of the Air could give a good account of himself as a bareback rider; he was a tumbler, a juggler, and a marksman; and, merely as a hobby, he could make a slide for life on his neck down a steel wire from the vaulted roof to the sawdust floor.

At an imposing stride the devilishly costumed Signor Sebastian returned and passed his death note to Thatcher Colt. In texture of paper and character of script the letter was like Flandrin's; but the wording was different:

"Let the King of the Air watch out for himself or he will lose his throne. This is no time to show off. Do not do your flying head-stand. You will be murdered at the opening performance if you try it. There are good reasons for you not to disobey this warning."

Sebastian stuck out his mocking tongue and rolled his scornful eyes.

"I have been introducing the flying head-stand for years," he scoffed. "My public expects it."

"Then you will attempt the flying head-stand tonight?" asked Robinson eagerly.

"Have I ever failed you yet, slave driver?" roared Sebastian.

THATCHER COLT retained the paper and intrusted it to me—the second note, too, may be seen at the Crime Museum.

Sebastian insisted the handwriting gave him no clue to the identity of his mysterious correspondent; he suspected no one, and he did not believe he had an enemy in the world. "I think it is all just a practical joke," he put forward, meanwhile adding a few delicate touches to his make-up. "Maybe," he added with a sly laugh, "it is a little game of our publicity man!"

And Sebastian opened wide his lips, letting forth a fusillade of machine-gun-like chuckles breaking up into mocking and volcanic laughter. The glisten in his eyes as he laughed and pointed a paint-stained finger in Robinson's direction was unmistakably insulting. The show owner uttered a sullen expletive as he led us from the dressing room. Thatcher Colt looked very thoughtful; his eyes did not meet mine.

As we stepped outside and the door closed, Robinson was about to speak, but was prevented by a man who rushed forward suddenly and clapped hands on the showman's shoulders. The newcomer was a thin-faced little man, almost all profile. He had a cast in his left eye and a mouthful of gold teeth.

"What is it, Crumps?" snapped Robinson brusquely.

"I just wanted to let you know," Crumps began in a nasal whine, "that your backer, Marburg Lovell, is out front tonight. He sent for me —you know, Mr. Lovell is a big-game hunter and he likes to have a little talk with me now and then. Told me I was the best boss animal man in the business. Just trying to get around me, I guess. Seems like he's in a good humor. He got me to carry a note back to—"

The boss animal man stopped and closed his eyes discreetly, jerking his head backward and smiling.

The manager swore deeply.

"Josie La Tour has got one note to upset her already—she did not need another. Is that all, Crumps?"

"Sure. Only, La Tour slapped my jaw when I gave her the note. She hadn't got any reason, what-and-so-ever, to hit me, you know, boss. I'm important to this show, too. She may get a bigger salary than I do—and I never found out why, neither—but does that give her any right to poke me in the face when I was only trying to do the show's backer a favor? I'll tell you this much: Lovell says he is getting tired of a lot of show folks carrying things with a high hand in an outfit he's losing his money in."

ROBINSON took him aside and spoke soothingly, confidentially, and sent Crumps on his way appeased. With long strides he departed, swinging his low-hanging hands.

"How long has that man been with you?" Colt asked Robinson.

"Oh, for eighteen years, continuously, except for two years he spent in a mental asylum after typhoid fever—but he got over that long ago. We must get going."

But we did not get going immediately. What prevented us was the sudden reappearance of Sebastian. Suddenly his dressing-room door opened violently and the Mephistopheles himself stepped angrily out. Stalking to our group, the acrobat shook a massive forefinger under Colonel Robinson's nose.

"I heard what my pal Crumps told you!" cried Sebastian. "I've warned Crumps to keep away from Lovell. That old hound doesn't mean any good to performers. He's shown me his house and all his fancy things —all smelling like women. He won't get around me, and I am here to tell you if Marburg Lovell doesn't let Josie La Tour alone I am going to break his back! I mean it, Mr. Robinson—and Crumps knows I mean it."

"Pipe down, for God's sake! We're starting in twenty minutes!" grated the manager. "Flandrin can take care of his wife without calling in you or the rest of the show. . . . Follow me, gentlemen!"

As we turned our backs on Sebas-

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tian and walked on, I realized what a rip tide of loves and hates, jealousies and ambitions, swirled in strong currents behind the circus arena. Robinson marched ahead of us, turning and crossing to the other side of the building. There, flushed and breathing hard, he paused to apologize.

"Without Marburg Lovell's financial support I would have gone under many a time," he explained devoutly. "But—speaking impartially—the hell of it is, Mr. Lovell does try to get too friendly with some of the ladies in the show. And the performers just don't like it. Now, I hope that won't be mentioned to the party we're going to call on right now—Miss La Tour!"

We were standing before a door on which was painted a dark star. I studied Colt's face, but his expression was inscrutable. Had he yet encountered one whose behavior seemed to be suspicious? Or were we to meet that person now? From the Commissioner's blank countenance I could guess nothing of his thoughts. Very discreetly Robinson knocked. As we waited I looked back, and an unreasonable chill pricked the skin on my spine.

Again I saw the black face with crisscross scars and rolling eyes, and again it was darting furtively behind a pillar. There was no doubt about it—our party was being followed. But, even as I resolved to speak to Colt, the door with the dark star was opened. I caught a glimpse of an Ali Baba vase crowded with rhododendron blossoms. Then a face looked out at us: the wrinkled face of a stout, elderly woman with a waspish expression. She stared grimly at Colonel Robinson.

"Isabel, I want the Police Commissioner to talk with Miss La Tour," explained Colonel Robinson. "It's about that note she received."

The woman regarded the circus owner stoically. "It is not possible, Colonel," she refused in a firm but finical voice. "I cannot admit anyone, not even the Police Commissioner. You may see Miss Josie after the show all you wish. But you know how nervous Miss Josie feels at an opening."

Before Isabel could close the door Thatcher Colt's foot was over the threshold, his top hat in his hand, his blandest smile turned toward the maid. "Will you just ask Miss La Tour to let me look at the anonymous note she received?"

Beside the lumpy figure of the maid appeared a petite woman robed in a Japanese dressing gown, her tiny face covered with cold cream. In a sweet, husky voice she said: "I tore the damn' thing up and threw it in the fire."

"AND what did it warn you not to do?" pressed Thatcher Colt.

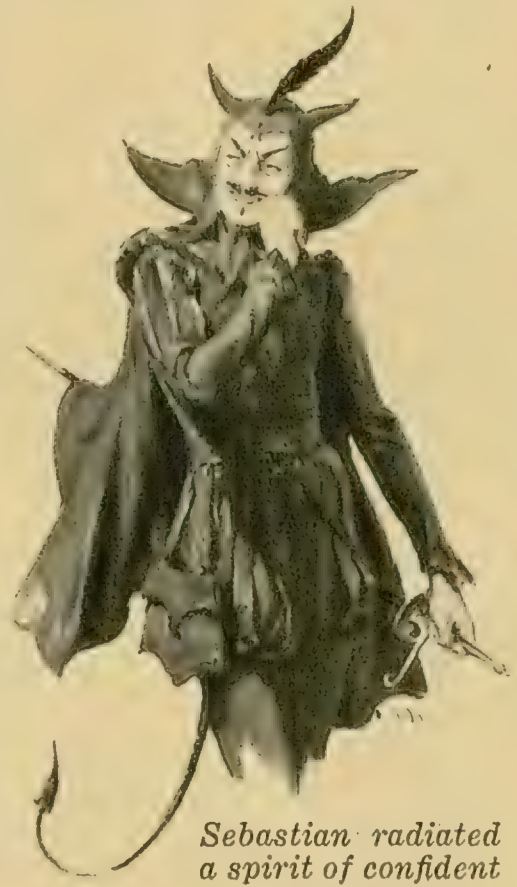
"Oh, it merely advised me to keep out of the ring altogether. Say, listen, Commissioner, I can't waste time on that. To hell with it! If you want to keep your Boy Scouts busy, order some cops to find out about that old mufflehead over there. If you are looking for a crook, there is the biggest in town, right there!"

With that the door was slammed shut. At her angry words Colt had quickly turned to see a tall man, his back turned toward us, walking away with Colonel Robinson volubly explaining at his side.

"That is Marburg Lovell," muttered the Commissioner. "And Robinson is trying to square it. Poor Robinson—how does he keep cool with all this on his hands? It will be a miracle if hell doesn't pop somewhere in this show tonight!"

Having persuaded Lovell to go back to his box, the circus owner returned to us, mopping his brow. Colt and Dougherty forestalled any apologies.

"I think we ought to be getting to our seats, anyway," grinned the District Attorney.



Sebastian radiated a spirit of confident wickedness.

As he conducted us toward the arena Colonel Robinson was verbose with explanations.

"These people," he explained, "are more than just mere acrobats. They are superior people, with all the flair and character of artists, and they have to be treated as such. They have their prima-donna outbursts. Josie La Tour is to the circus what a social leader is to the four hundred—the unquestioned ruler of our lots. And don't get me wrong—Josie's a good scout, for all her excitable disposition. No one will do more for a fellow performer. And she is frantic about children—in her business she can't have any, of course. I understand she and Flandrin are looking forward to a sabbatical year—but, hell, they can't afford it. They spend every dollar they make, anyhow."

"IS this her first marriage?" inquired Thatcher Colt.

Tod Robinson shook his head.

"No. Not her first—nor his first. She was married to an acrobat before. His first wife was a university woman. But neither was happy. Josie was in vaudeville a while with her first husband."

We arrived at a door that would lead us forth from this back-world of illusion into an atmosphere more real and familiar. From beyond the door came the droning buzz of thousands of voices—Madison Square Garden was filling up.

"There's something I've got to tell you. I've been waiting to for half an hour, Mr. Colt," I said. "Before we get out—we're being followed."

"Where, Tony?"

"Who could be following us?" put in Colonel Robinson skeptically.

"A tall Negro with a scarred face—"

"You don't mean that fellow there, do you?" asked Colt. "I've noticed him, too."

I looked over my shoulder just as a tall and muscular Negro, his gleaming silk hat rakishly to one side, came loping up to us with forefinger uplifted. The creature that had been following for the last half hour had overtaken us.

"Colonel Robinson," the black man called. "I have something to say to you!"

Now that the dark man was at our side, he seemed to me an even more unprepossessing person. The scars on his face were jagged welts and his teeth were sharpened to fine points. As I learned later, the teeth were filed as a mark of bravery and leadership; and the welts had been raised by stuffing salt into self-inflicted knife wounds. He was wearing a striped gray suit tailored in the Broadway mode; his monocle dangled on a braided silken cord and he carried a gold-headed cane. He looked like a caricature of a colored sporting man. His bloated eyes seemed popping from some inner turmoil.

"What is it, Keblia?" asked Colonel Robinson crossly. "And why aren't you dressed and ready for the spec?"

"I shall be in the spectacle in good time," returned the black man. "I heard you have with you a great and wise man—I wanted to warn Mr. Thatcher Colt."

"This is Keblia, the Ubangis' witch doctor," the showman explained.

"I, too, am a wise man," admitted Keblia solemnly, looking only at the Police Commissioner. "When my people are angry, I call council and settle the quarrel. I plead with you to stop the show tonight or the evil ones will make trouble."

"How do you know that?" asked Thatcher Colt.

The tall savage gave the Commissioner a sidelong glance and replied:

"The information comes to me as I dream."

"Did you receive a letter threatening you with an unnatural death?" pressed Colt.

"There is no such thing as a natural death," disputed the witch doctor. Lifting both hands, he turned reddish palms toward Colt. "Death is always the work of demons—or enemies. And both are stalking tonight."

"Who is to die, Keblia?"

The witch doctor shook his head and muttered that he did not know. "My people sing to the elephants," he went on tonelessly. "They beat their tom-toms, made of elephants' ears. They chant old music. My own wives are singing loudest of all. My wife Kananinboungo and my wife Kimalaguetti, who wear the biggest lip disks of all our people, they are singing at the top of their voices. Why, Mr. Thatcher Colt? Because they know that death is coming—and death is always unnatural. But there is still time to head it off."

There was a moment's silence. From beyond the door came the brazen crash of the band.

"Keblia, get into your costume!" ordered Colonel Robinson. "And don't stand there talking like a damned fool. I wouldn't cancel this show tonight for the ghost of P. T. Barnum himself!"

Eyes full of entreaty were fixed on Thatcher Colt as the Ubangi magic man waited a moment. Then, with a tragic grimace, Keblia shook himself, turned, and marched off, losing himself in the milling throng of performers.

"He speaks a decent English," remarked Thatcher Colt, "and seems to have a fair education. What can have stirred him up so?"

"Drink, most likely," was Robinson's explanation. "Keblia has been acting very strangely of late. I found him prowling around some of our ring equipment and especially some new flood-light boxes at three o'clock this morning. You never know if these savages are going bush on you. But—speaking impartially—I believe he's just putting on airs now. When an Ubangi really knows anything, he never tells it to strangers."

"Exactly!" agreed the Police Commissioner. "That is what troubles me. Keblia warned us—but he told us nothing."

"Because he knows nothing," retorted Robinson. "Let's go!"

"Did you find your man?" I asked Thatcher Colt.

"Who said I was looking for a man?" parried the Commissioner.

We followed the showman through a public passage like a concrete tunnel encircling the ribs of the Garden. Soon we emerged amid the rows of boxes lining the hippodrome track. Our first visit to the strange other world of the circus was at an end. I did not guess that within the last few minutes we had been very near a murderer even then preparing to strike.

II

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN was packed to the ring-curb. Every ticket had been sold. Seventeen thousand people thronged the long tiers of seats rising in two levels above the arena floor. The Garden, a

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Like thousands of others you'll be amazed and delighted to see how quickly you gain on Ironized Yeast—often pounds on the very first package! Your complexion clears, gains new healthy beauty. Food tastes better, digests better. You're pepped up—on your toes—all the time.

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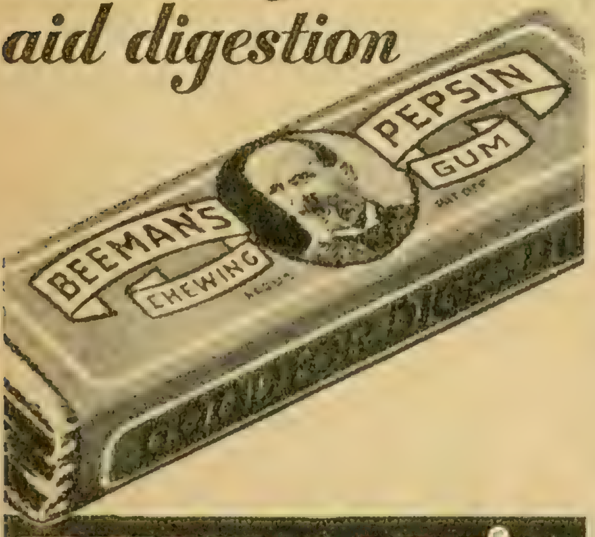
She looked so cross she frightened customers away. She was rude and snappy and always out of patience. All the girls got scolded for her mistakes . . . And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

You certainly can't do your best when you are always feeling under par. You can't look your best either. And yet it may be some slight digestive trouble is the only cause. Beeman's is often a help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he put pepsin in gum, and then gave it such a delicious flavor. Chew it frequently.

Especially made to aid digestion



BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

vast rectangular frame of steel incased in gray concrete, was gay tonight with lights and colored bunting and the flags of all nations.

Colonel Robinson led us to Box Eighty, which adjoins a wide arena entrance through which performers come and go.

Our box was directly in front of the middle ring, with a clear view of everything.

Betty and Dougherty's toothless nephews occupied the front chairs; in the second row sat Thatcher Colt, Dougherty, and myself. After escorting us to our places, Colonel Robinson hastened off, promising to rejoin us later; so the third row of seats in our box was empty.

It was just eight o'clock and the grand entry was beginning. Here, in one weaving, glittering procession, was the whole circus—the horses, the elephants, the clowns, the whole fantastic conglomeration of light and color, warmth and wonder—glamorously on the march.

Like one mesmerized I was watching the procession when Colt leaned forward and recalled me to reality:

"In the box next to us—that one man sitting alone—is Marburg Lovell: five times a millionaire, Robinson's backer, and very sweet on Josie La Tour."

Casually my glance drifted to the neighboring box.

Exiled from behind the scenery, Mr. Marburg Lovell sat there, a tall, muscular man, in full evening dress, with pale, debauched skin, sparse hair, and a startling black patch over one eye.

"Lovell seems to have lost his head," whispered Thatcher Colt. "He wrote La Tour letters—sent her flowers and jewels. But Robinson swears the little lady wasn't interested."

"Surely she must have been flattered," I argued. "What did she do with the flowers and jewels?"

"Robinson told me she sent back the jewels, but took the flowers to a chapel and laid them before a shrine to the Virgin."

"THE letters, too?"

"No—her husband kept the letters!"

"And do you suppose Flandrin blacked Lovell's eye?"

"Remember he was on the ship. But earlier today, as I happen to have heard at Headquarters, Lovell reported a burglary in his house. Perhaps that's how he got hurt."

With furtive interest I studied the middle-aged play-boy, giver of flowers and jewels, and supplicant for the favors of a sawdust queen.

One wondered at his enterprise and presumption. All the earnest attentions of his masseur could not rub away the paunched swagbelly beneath Marburg Lovell's folded arms. To offer himself as a rival of Josie La Tour's young, graceful, and magnetic husband argued a tremendous egotism.

How did the banker hope to tempt the lovely Josie? Flatter her—a king of Wall Street wooing a woman of the circus? Or did he stake his desire on the jingle of his money-bags?

"These circus people have their own code of vendetta," sighed the Police Commissioner. "The situation here tonight is loaded with dynamite."

Before us in the arena, spangled battalions of performers were following one after another in swift and startling exhibitions—troupes of trained horses, prancing and curvetting in sidewise gallopades; wire leapers; the man who walks upstairs on his head, sea lions, living statues, and death-defying gymnasts.

But it was not until Sebastian entered the eastern ring for his first act that I was really thrilled. Here was the first of the threatened performers to appear before his audience.

"STAR of Display Number Sixteen," according to the official program, Sebastian appeared blowing a brass trumpet; he was a colorful fiend in his flamboyant costume. Following him came seven others of his troupe, all blowing smaller trumpets and all garbed as imps.

The big, good-humored Mephistopheles had sneered at the death warning and then he himself had uttered a threat against Marburg Lovell.

Was the trouble that Robinson dreaded about to begin? As the red-cloaked acrobat with the sinister blue and yellow circles under his eyes began to mount a rope ladder, Colonel Robinson returned to our box and sat in the rear. The manager looked in better spirits; the show was going well.

"Sebastian is as cool as a cucumber. He carries himself like a cavalryman and a lancer," gloated Robinson. "That's what he used to be in the Austrian army. Now watch him. You will never forget him!"

Never forget him! I see him now, removing his cloak, discarding sword and trumpet, making ready for his daredevil feats. Small likelihood that I shall ever forget Signor Sebastian or the relentless fate that at the very instant Tod Robinson was speaking was preparing for him. In spite of his forty years, the *voltigeur* behaved like a young thoroughbred—nervous, supple, rebellious, and full of aquiline strength—as he swung by his heels on a wide-flung bar, the uneasy throne of the monarch of the air.

His flying head-stand, performed in defiance of the threatening note, brought down the house. As he bowed to the applause, it seemed to me that Sebastian waved his devil's cap impudently toward Marburg Lovell.

"Well, he did the flying head-stand and nothing happened!" grinned Dougherty. "Looks like a false alarm to me."

"Sebastian does another act later on, near the finish," Robinson answered hastily. "His night is not over yet!"

The manager sat back as the liberty horses, the *haute école* of equestrian exhibitions, began trotting around the rings. My glances played truant toward the box where Marburg Lovell still sat, ignoring the performance, his visible eye closed. I wondered if the millionaire was asleep.

"No, he is awake enough," was Robinson's opinion. "His eyes will be open wide enough when Josie La Tour comes on. But, hell, he hasn't a chance! Josie and her husband are a perfect love match. One of the great romances of the circus world."

"When does Josie's husband appear?" asked Colt.

"There he is now!" replied Tod Robinson, pointing to the center of the ring.

The horses were trotting off and a new group of aërialists were mounting ladders.

It was not hard to identify the husband of Josie La Tour. In his fur coat and grotesque make-up, Flandrin swayed and staggered comically at the foot of a tall ladder.

"Some day," predicted Tod Robinson, "Flandrin will be the greatest of the great. He has something that none of the others have—a scientific knowledge of what he is trying to do. But Flandrin also lacks something that the others have. I don't know what it is. You might call it showmanship—or self-assurance. La Tour knows as well as I do that Flandrin will never be the first circus performer of the world until he gets that missing something."

Whatever he lacked, it could not be courage. There was unfaltering determination in every movement of Flandrin's supple body—as if he knew his unknown enemy was present, ready to pounce.

Would he perform the double twist tonight in defiance of that invisible foe?

IF Sebastian was Hercules, then the husband of Josie La Tour was Adonis. In spite of his clumsy costume, he went gracefully up the rope rungs to the perch of his exalted ladder.

Across the netted abyss waited his catcher, Flandreau, a big man with heavily muscled shoulders and arms.

And with the catcher posed Flandra, the woman in the act, ready to be tossed from hand to hand in the weaving aërial routine.

Fearlessly Flandrin looked around him, his monstrously bedaubed face drawing squeals of laughter. He was standing, I suddenly realized, on the very platform from which, several hours before, the boss mechanic had tumbled to his death.

But Flandrin seemed to be in the best of health and spirits. With a kind of Attic grace he swung out from the bar of the flying trapeze, changing and rechanging in waltz rhythm with the darting figure of Flandra.

Again and again Flandrin caught her, passed her, and himself flew out in somersault and twist to crash safely into the steel hands of Flandreau. But as yet he had not attempted the perilous double twist. Upon Flandrin, as if waiting for that daring attempt, Thatcher Colt's attention seemed exclusively fixed.

Yet presently the Commissioner, without altering his gaze, called to Robinson:

"Who is that young woman wrapped in a cloak and standing in the performers' entrance? Her eyes never leave Flandrin."

"That," explained Robinson, with a smile, "is La Tour—the highest salaried—"

"But I thought it was not allowed!" interrupted the Commissioner. "I have always understood there was a superstition—"

"Against a wife watching a husband's act or vice versa? So there was, in the old days. But La Tour broke that up. She watches Flandrin's act at every performance."

The Flandrin act was nearing its climax. The green-tighted acrobat, his tramp costume now in the discard, his clown make-up miraculously removed, bolted back and forth across the net. Finally he stood on the platform behind his trapeze. His hand was held up to claim all the eyes of the

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COFFEE
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spectators. On Flandrin's perch there was a movable bar, fitted in sockets, on which he stood for the take-off.

As this bar was raised in higher notches, the trapeze could be swung in longer, more dangerous arcs. Even as we watched, the aërialist lifted the crossbar to the highest notch.

Flandrin was about to try the double twist!

Smiling, he looked around him until his gaze reached the woman in the cloak standing in the performers' entrance. Distinctly she shook her head: La Tour, imperatively forbidding her husband to attempt the master feat. Even at that distance I could see the cloud of disappointment on Flandrin's face. With a wide-flung motion of his hands, he yielded, signaling to his partners that his turn was over.

The applause was scattered as he descended, but grew in volume as Flandrin stalked from the amphitheater to disappear between the flags. Long before he reached there, the figure of La Tour had slipped out of sight.

Next Week—

Are We Ripe for a "Revolution"?

An outspoken warning to pussy-foot politicians and stuffed shirts in business

By

Jay Franklin

Another $5,000 Prize Offer First Story

And stories and articles by Elmer Davis—Anthony Abbot—Will Irwin—Leighton H. Blood—Franklin P. Adams —Rex Beach

"Is he yellow?" cried Dougherty disgustedly. "I thought he was going to do that special stunt. Something must have got his goat. He was mad all over when he went back stage."

"Josie must be devoted to Flandrin!" was Colt's comment.

"They are devoted to each other," amended Tod Robinson fervently. "I know—I was sweet on Josie myself, but she never tumbled to anybody until she found Flandrin. I believe either one of them would be through if anything happened to the other. A little later on you will see Flandrin in the same place watching while his wife does her act. I think I had better go back and see if everything is all right between them."

We had to wait for Josie La Tour. She was held back almost to the end—the stellar attraction of the show. When the time arrived, every other activity in the arena came to an end. The equestrian director lifted both arms, invoking silence, as he made a long, extravagant announcement. At its climax he threw back his head and shouted: "Ladies and gentlemen! I present the greatest circus performer in the history of the world—Miss Josie La Tour."

Throughout the audience there was a humming sound, a stir of interest. The lights of the great arena went softly out. The rings and platforms were empty. It was the special honor of *La Merveilleuse* to be the only performer in the Robinson circus who appeared alone.

As we watched for her, not an attendant moved across the darkened amphitheater; there was only the spotlight searching the performers' entrance with its draped flags. From the band stand came a shrill fanfare of the brasses, a long roll of drums.

THEN through the flags bounced the first lady of the air. Wrapped in a cloak of gleaming sequins, she romped forward as if she had lingered too long behind the scenes. She bowed and blew kisses to the applauding spectators as the maid Isabel hastened into the ring and caught in her ample arms the tossed cloak of sequins.

Out of her wrap, Josie La Tour was indeed a lovely, childlike apparition in her white silken ballet skirts and gay-colored ribbons.

"What force!" I told myself. "What dynamic energy! The grace of a swan, the strength of a tigress."

"She is the greatest woman aërialist," mumbled Tod Robinson piously, like a man at his prayers. He had come back to watch her act with us. "And she gets the biggest salary in the history of the business."

They said La Tour was nearly thirty years old, and the most powerful of living women. But she did not look her age, nor yet athletic. Her bust was youthful and charming, her neck delicate, and her little dark head was carried proudly on shoulders which, in spite of the steel rings, remained utterly feminine. Poised in a dancing position, she rubbed resin on her hands, but her head was lowered and her eyes closed.

"The spotlights bother her," explained Tod Robinson. "Hurt her eyes. Yet La Tour wouldn't give up that spotlight for twice her salary."

She looked so pretty, so unconscious of danger!

Meanwhile, from the trusses of the roof ropes were lowered dangling two large nickel-plated rings. Working the rigging from the other side of the ring was a man assistant in blue uniform and gold braid. In a flat voice this man called a signal to La Tour.

FROM the ceiling now dropped a canvas-covered rope, which La Tour grasped with one childishly small hand. For a moment she hesitated, twirling the loose end of the rope around in snakelike, provocative writhings, as if teasing the spectators. Then, with an unexpected leap, she began her long ascent up to the rings high overhead.

La Tour's method of mounting this rope was in itself a bravura feat of strength and daring—literally rolling herself up a little way, then releasing her hold and catching the rope again a little higher. With such heartless jerkings and writhings she brought herself quickly up, forty-five netless feet above the amphitheater. There she swung out from the rope and on to the rings.

As La Tour's hands seized those gleaming rings, the high, sweet sound of her laughter echoed above the applause. Into an old-fashioned waltz the music glided as, with one hand on each ring, head down, feet reaching toward the ceiling, the girlish figure remained rigid and balanced. She swayed, shivered, and then dropped with sudden frightening force. But the tiny hands held firm and La Tour laughed once more as she drew her feet cozily inside the rings.

Now the waltzing music died away, and from the band stand, shattering the brief silence, came a long and ominous rolling sound, the ruffling of the full battery of drums. La Tour slipped down slowly, hanging pendent from a ring, between roof and floor, forty-five feet in space, by one small hand. She was ready for the feat that made her supreme among the world's aërialists—La Tour's "giant half flange."

Without warning the little body gathered itself together; she seemed to fling herself upward and over her own shoulder. It took strength to do such a thing even once, yet La Tour was doing it over and over again, in repeated and violent convulsions. It was dangerous to the point of recklessness. The little half portion of a woman at that perilous height kept on pitching and turning like a creature possessed of suicidal mania. In precise rhythm with every turn and twist of the flying body, the incessant drums rolled and rattled. The audience was cheering and applauding; it seemed as if she would never stop.

"She's already passed her record of two hundred times and she's keeping on," exulted Tod Robinson. "By all that's right and holy she ought to be safely down—and that note warned her not to go up at all tonight."

Just then a singular incident occurred. At the Eighth Avenue end of the darkened Garden a dog began to bark. Colonel Robinson cursed behind his teeth.

"That damn' clown dog is loose again," he raged. "That's enough to drive La Tour frantic at a time like this. It happened three times last season. I've got to catch that!" And Colonel Robinson rushed from the box.

Presently Thatcher Colt leaned forward, his face grave and startled. "I just heard another odd sound," he told me. "Did you hear it?"

"I did not. What was it like?"

"It may have been an explosion or a drumbeat—but it made a change in the rhythm of the drums."

I had heard nothing unusual, nor had Dougherty. On her gleaming rings Josie La Tour still turned with daring violence and beauty of movement. But only a few moments later I saw that she was in trouble.

Something strange was happening to Josie La Tour. All at once her passionate acrobatics were ended—now the woman seemed struggling to keep her grip on the ring. The little body was shaking visibly, as if she had come to grips with some cruel, overmastering enemy. In the next instant she uttered a cry of anguish and fell.

I still wake up in the middle of the night, sprung from a bad dream—a nightmare that haunts me with the dreadfully repeated sound of Josie La Tour's body striking the ground. One universal gasp of dismay rose from the crowd. Crumpled and unmoving, the Queen of the Sawdust lay on her back in the center ring. A figure in green tights rushed out of the performers' entrance, got to her side, and bent over the broken body. Flandrin lifted his wife in his arms. Swiftly he carried her through the draped flags and out of sight.

Confusion was beginning to spread through the double tiers, when a whistle sounded shrilly; then booming through the silence came the iron voice of the announcer. At the top of his throat he bellowed that the little lady was not badly hurt—she had known many such falls. Everything was all right—and the performance would go on. The audience sighed with relief. The lights came up. The show did go on. In the darkness other performers had long before taken their positions on trapezes and high wires and platforms; the scene changed quickly from tragedy to a whirling mass of flying acrobats and whooping clowns, Mephistopheles and Pierrot, Uncle Sam and Mickey Mouse. The band blared cheerfully.

I turned and looked at the next box. Marburg Lovell still sat there, with his hands on the railing, staring up at the rings from which a lady fair had dropped away.

"What a horrible accident!" groaned District Attorney Dougherty.

Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt turned a white face toward the District Attorney. His dark and somber eyes had the look of a man who had seen an utterly damnable sight.

"Dougherty," said Colt, "I think you had better go back to the dressing room with me. What we saw was not an accident. It was murder!"

In next week's installment you'll see Colt take up the challenge of an incomparably clever crime.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—In what year was The Star-Spangled Banner written?

2—By whom was the Federal Reserve Act signed and in what year?

3—Who was Andreas Hofer?

4—What is the international date line?

5—In what country are fireworks believed to have originated?

6—In what year were greenbacks (United States notes) first issued?

7—From what source do dahlias get their name?

8—What is a mulatto?

9—What is a quadroon?

10—What city in Africa has the largest population?

11—What state of the Union has the greatest density of population?

12—Why is lager beer so called?

13—Which Jewish year begins October 1, 1932?

14—What do the initials R. S. V. P. at the bottom of an invitation stand for?

15—What does the phrase *ultima Thule* mean?

16—What does a funambulist do?

17—When was the first United States census taken?

18—What opera contains the famous Anvil Chorus?

19—What is one of the chief points of difference between Indian and African elephants?

20—What does laminated mean?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

At what age is it safe to begin brushing a child's teeth?

(See page 45 for the answer)

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The time to combat tooth-decay is in the early stages. Protect your teeth *now* with SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM.

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Robinson Crusoe, 1932 model, as done by Doug Fairbanks, makes a desert island look just like the life of Riley.

Billie Dove, Robert Montgomery, and Marion Davies provide the principal thrills in Blondie of the Follies.

FABLES,

Doug Fairbanks as a Modern Crusoe; Marion Davies at Her Best; and an Anthony Abbot in the Leading Current Films

and

(Reading time: 8 minutes 31 seconds.)

NO Hollywood star gets more fun out of film work than Doug Fairbanks, Senior. Doug is forty-nine—but you would never guess it from his pictures.

This is not entirely a tribute to physical training. Doug does the things he wants to do. He went to Tahiti to make his new film, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, and had a splendid time. Not waiting for the public release of this picture, Mr. Fairbanks packed his clothes and his cameras and started off on a new jaunt to be recorded, of course, in a travel film. This trip will take Doug and his staff on a big-game hunt into China, Manchuria, on into Mongolia, and well across Siberia. The star anticipates a lot of enjoyment, some adventure, a new film.

It is interesting to note that Hollywood's greatest adventurer is forty-nine, its chief romantic juvenile (John Barrymore) is fifty, its steadiest box-office attraction (Marie Dressler) is sixty-three.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE

CAST

Steve Drexel	Douglas Fairbanks
William Belmont	William Farnum
Prof. Carmichale	Earle Browne
Saturday	Maria Alba

Directed by Edward Sutherland.
Released by United Artists.

What would happen to a 1932 desert-island Robinson Crusoe, familiar with radio, machinery, short cuts to every necessity? In the rôle of a young sportsman who lands on an uninhabited South Sea island on a bet, Mr. Fairbanks shows how quickly implements can be devised, labor-saving devices arranged, an up-to-date tree penthouse built.

The new Crusoe harnesses gravity, turtles, and goats to supply himself with hot and cold water and milk, transports fruits across the jungle, catapults fish nets into the sea.

When a pretty native girl, fleeing from a wedding ceremony, lands on the island, our hero has to resort to all his ingenuity to fight off pursuing cannibals. Mr. Fairbanks does everything with his usual gusto and enthusiasm. Maria Alba is a lovely native in distress and grass skirts. You will find Mr. Robinson Crusoe a pleasantly entertaining fable, if you have maintained your spirit of youth.

★ ★ ★ BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES

CAST

Blondie	Marion Davies
Larry	Robert Montgomery
Lottie	Billie Dove
Jimmy	Jimmy Durante
Pa McClune	James Gleason
Gertie	Zasu Pitts
Pete	Sidney Toler
Murchenson	Douglas Dumbrille

Directed by Edmund Goulding.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Flo Ziegfeld's Follies will never offer their opulent beauty to Broadway again. So it is only fair that some of the spirit of the Follies be recorded in celluloid and sound.

Frances Marion has developed a yarn of two glorified girls. Two ex-glorified ones, Marion Davies and Billie Dove, play the beautiful pals. One is happy to dance and wait for the right man; the other cashes in on a modernistic love nest. The right man is played by Robert Montgomery in his easy, ingratiating way. He makes an ideal leading man for Miss Davies, who never gave a better performance. This, I can promise you, is her very best film. Miss Dove is a decorative sinner and Jimmy Durante sneaks into the film long enough to steal a hit. Miss Davies and Jimmy do a gorgeous burlesque of the Garbo-Barrymore histrionics.

The suave Thatcher Colt (Adolphe Menjou), Mayo Metho, and Skeets Gallagher as they appear in The Night Club Lady.

Jack Oakie enjoying himself laughing at Hollywood's foibles, which form the background of Once in a Lifetime.

FOLLIES, COLT

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

★ ★ ★ THE NIGHT CLUB LADY

CAST

Thatcher Colt	Adolphe Menjou
Lola Carewe	Mayo Metho
Tony	Skeets Gallagher
Kelly	Ruthelma Stevens
Mrs. Carewe	Blanche Frederici
Everett	Gerald Fielding
Mike	Nat Pendleton
Vincent Rowland	Albert Conti
Eunice	Greta Grandstedt
Bill	Ed Brady
Joe	Lee Phelps
André	George Humbert
Dr. Baldwin	Niles Welsh
Dr. Lengle	William von Brincken

Directed by Irving Cummings.
Produced by Columbia.

This introduces Anthony Abbot's redoubtable criminologist and police commissioner, Thatcher Colt, to the films. Mr. Colt is a suave master mind who knows his way about in sophisticated circles, sees all, knows all. The notorious hostess, Lola Carewe, calls in Mr. Colt when told she is to die at midnight.

Mr. Colt makes elaborate plans to protect her, but, in spite of a circle of guards, she falls lifeless on schedule. The urbane Mr. Colt, momentarily baffled, solves the mystery with speed and aplomb. The mystery is fresh and interesting, the solution surprising. Adolphe Menjou makes an excellent criminologist. Mayo Metho is a satisfactory victim.

★ ★ ½ ONCE IN A LIFETIME

CAST

George Lewis	Jack Oakie
Susan Walker	Sidney Fox
May Daniels	Aline McMahon
Jerry Hyland	Russell Hopton
Helen Hobart	Louise Fazenda
Herman Glogauer	Gregory Ratoff
Miss Leighton	Zasu Pitts
Lawrence Vail	Onslow Stevens
Mr. Walker	Robert McWade
Mrs. Walker	Jobyna Howland

Directed by Russell Mack.
Produced by Universal.

Hollywood was surprised when the Laemmles purchased this swat at the movies, skeptical about how faithfully they would retain the unkind cuts at the cinema art.

The twelve Snifkin Brothers—suspected to be the Warners—have disappeared. Otherwise the Laemmles have leaned over backward in laughing at themselves and their fellow producers.

As a stage play, Once in a Lifetime seemed to me, as it did to others close to films, to be a weak understatement. Hollywood is far funnier than Once in a Lifetime would indicate.

A hungry vaudeville trio hits Hollywood just as the talkies are turning the town upside down. Posing as experts in the art of speaking and acting, they get jobs at the Glogauer Studio giving voices to the hitherto silent stars. One of the trio is so dumb that he lands as supervisor of the whole studio activities.

Jack Oakie seems to miss in the rôle of the wooden-headed vaudevillian who is pushed to the Hollywood heights. Aline McMahon is better as his bitter-tongued, shrewd partner.

Do you know that—

Edward G. Robinson next will play a ruthless department-store boss in The Machine?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You.

★★★—Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus.

MACRAE GILLIES 32

THINGS *We Might Learn from the* FRENCH

The Profit of Politeness, To Take Pleasure in Simple Things, Subtlety in Advertising, How to Drink—in Moderation, Not to be Sentimental in the Wrong Places, Something About Thrift as Opposed to Show; Loyalty, Contentment, and Backbone

By DIANA BOURBON

(Reading time: 15 minutes 30 seconds.)

THINGS we could learn from the French! More than half of them are domestic virtues that tourists would be the last to suspect them of possessing. But any or all of these might be of inestimable value to us now.

Especially, appreciation of the family *as a unit;* belief in the significance of common, everyday life; the knack of taking pleasure in simple things; and the growing of a *backbone* with which to meet future crises.

How tired I am of whining, these dark days! Backbone seems to be one thing we're almost entirely without. Where did we lose it? The men and women who conquered this wild, wide country had it. *Par excellence.*

Let's get it back from the French!

How much of it *they* have is one thing we're apt to forget in our very pardonable rage at their other, more obvious, and irritating characteristics. Sitting on top of the world, they're next door to unbearable. Wounded nearly to death, France buckles down to her fundamental peasant tenacity and good sense, and stolidly sets about the business of healing up again without a whimper.

After the Franco-Prussian War the German Empire imposed on France the largest indemnity ever exacted up to that time. And settled herself down for a nice long occupation of Paris—till it could be paid. France reached down into her peasant stocking, paid cash almost overnight, and demanded that now, instantly, the victorious army get out of her domain. The gesture left her bankrupt in everything but spirit—and I wish *we* had some of that now!

It's the spirit in which France fought the war, especially those early days of 1914 when all news was bad news—when town after town, fortress after fortress, fell to a German advance it seemed nothing could ever stem.

France stemmed it. Almost alone.

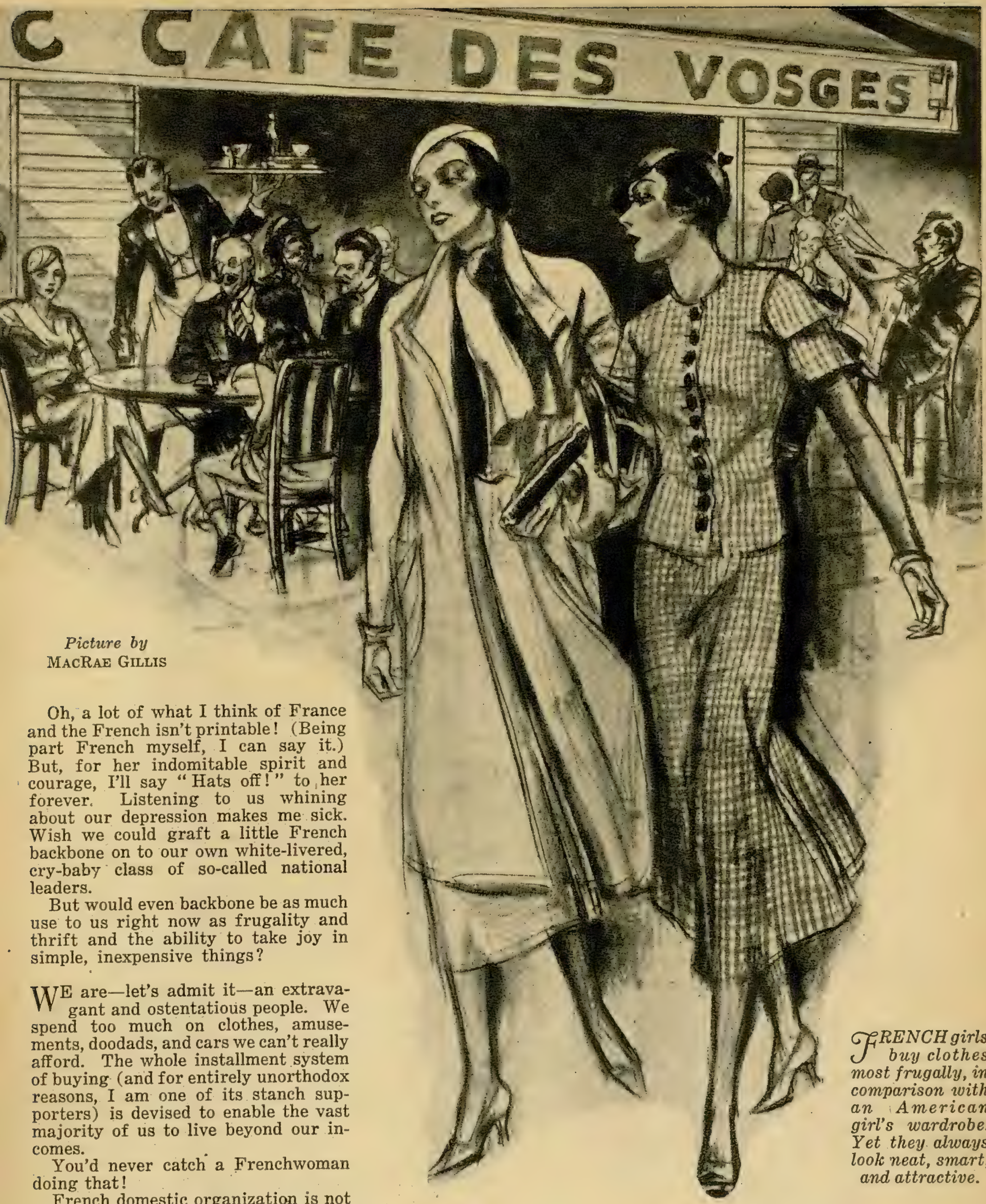
Now, with the second largest gold reserve in the world, she won't pay her debts!

I know an old French countess who lost her husband and two sons in the war, and had her third son blinded, her château burned to the ground, her fortune wiped out—all without so much as a whimper.

Peace returned, she and the blind youth set to work, wordlessly, to rebuild what they could and remake their lives. In 1926 the government raised the taxes on some small property of theirs in Paris, and to hear her you would have thought that old lady was being murdered by slow torture.

That's France!

Did you know that during the Great War that small country lost, in killed, *more men than all the other Allies put together?* Don't hear so much of it, do you? It's a real loss, so France doesn't gab about it. The well known backbone comes into play instead. Now if the loss had been a mere two inches along the Swiss frontier, no one in the League of Nations would be allowed to sleep at night.



Picture by
MacRae Gillis

FRENCH girls buy clothes most frugally, in comparison with an American girl's wardrobe. Yet they always look neat, smart, and attractive.

Oh, a lot of what I think of France and the French isn't printable! (Being part French myself, I can say it.) But, for her indomitable spirit and courage, I'll say "Hats off!" to her forever. Listening to us whining about our depression makes me sick. Wish we could graft a little French backbone on to our own white-livered, cry-baby class of so-called national leaders.

But would even backbone be as much use to us right now as frugality and thrift and the ability to take joy in simple, inexpensive things?

WE are—let's admit it—an extravagant and ostentatious people. We spend too much on clothes, amusements, doodads, and cars we can't really afford. The whole installment system of buying (and for entirely unorthodox reasons, I am one of its stanch supporters) is devised to enable the vast majority of us to live beyond our incomes.

You'd never catch a Frenchwoman doing that!

French domestic organization is not one of ceaseless competition with the Smiths and Joneses. The Smiths haven't a radio, "so we must have one"; or they have a new expensive car, "so we'd better get two"—as the case may be. Now, if French Smiths had a new expensive car, the whole of the frugal French *quartier* would whisper about, and frown on, their extravagance.

From the highest to the lowest in the land, your Frenchman—or Frenchwoman—has "something put by." The normal French "saver" is not a miser. He's hoarding for a definite purpose, and usually that purpose is sane, and the same. *When he reaches what he calls "a certain age," he's going to retire.* Loving the soil, he's going to get close to it. Move to some attractive place in the country and live comfortably with the partner who has loyally shared his hopes and cares all the years of their joint life. And he's going to enjoy frequent visits from the individual members of the family they have affectionately raised together.

Quite an ideal, however you look at it. More solid and lasting than bridge and the in-a-door apartment.

And he (or she) has the temperament to enjoy it, too. Another French virtue we might strive to emulate is their positive *gift* for contentment. Having that, they have also, of course, the knack of being happy. They get, I firmly believe, more happiness out of merely *living* than any other race I know.

A meal eaten together, an evening visit from a pair of neighbors, a long-drawn-out *apéritif* on a café terrace, a family trip to the free museums, some trifling shopping expedition—these simple pleasures delight them. They will be looked forward to, talked over afterward for days. And for the rest—work, ceaseless industry, quite happily undertaken and fulfilled.

I know a little American girl who married a promising young broker. In a few years she wrecked him with her continual demands, necessitating harder and harder work on his part to keep from falling hopelessly behind the pile of debts. You'll say there are women like that in every country. There are. But abroad they'd be vampire women, stamped as such. Worthless. My point is that here in America this little butterfly *wasn't* bad, *wasn't* the exception. Quite the rule, in her type of social set.

DIANA BOURBON

is a New Yorker by birth who grew up in London and Paris. She began her career on the stage, but after two years turned to magazine editing in London and to writing. She has contributed both fiction and articles to Liberty.

A little French girl of the same generation came to see me one day just before I left Paris last. Her face was radiant. Why? In five years—the time it took my American example to wreck her promising material—she and her Parisian husband had saved enough to buy a little country home on the Normandy coast. Now they would use it for their holidays, and start beautifying it against the time when it would become their *only* home.

My American has three huge wardrobes full of clothes. All bought at staggering prices. All only half worn.

My French girl buys two winter outfits, and two summer outfits, and one new evening gown per *year*. She buys a winter coat every other year—unless it's a fur one, when it has to last longer. And she always looks neat, smart, and attractive.

It isn't all that way around.

I know American wives who work, and work hard, for wages, then come home and do all the labor of the home—cooking, cleaning, washing their own clothes. And their husbands accept this double service as a matter of course. That doesn't happen in France. If a woman works *outside* the home she has help *in* it! Either paid for, or cooperative. And her laundries aren't so expensive that she has to do her own heaviest and most killing labor herself.

I know American (kind, indulgent!) husbands by the dozen, too, who treat their wives like lapdogs or fools. Never tell them anything of their work, their lives, what they're doing or why, what they're hoping for. A Frenchman who counts his pennies and may not be rigidly faithful would think his wife insulted if he did not keep her absolutely *au fait* with what concerned their joint lives so intimately. And if we're going to talk about faithfulness— Well, perhaps we'd better not!

YOU will realize, of course, that I am not talking about the *mondain* French, whom you see at Cannes and Deauville, and at the races. Nor about the very evident *demimonde*. Those people aren't typically French.

The French I'm talking about are the solid mass and main support of the country. You don't meet them, because they are great believers in keeping their private lives private.

They have an amazing sense of family and race solidarity. Family organization is almost patriarchal. So is its point of view. Torn by domestic strife a French family may be. But to the world it will still present an undivided front. And that's something rather admirable when you look around on the *advertised* lack of unity, authority, and dignity that characterizes the American home today.

Authority, certainly, can be carried too far. But the disrespectful, rude attitude of the younger generation over here toward its parents would be impossible in France. The complete lack of discipline over the young which results in a complete lack of *self*-control when those young grow up would be impossible in France. The whole disorderliness of life—the promiscuous "necking," the casual gin-drinking, the early sex consciousness—just wouldn't be tolerated.

The French have a passion for *order* that extends into every department of life and thought. A thing, according to them, is either *rangé* or it isn't. And if it isn't, God help it. There is no word that adequately translates *rangé*. But a literal translation—ranged—explains itself.

Racially, the French hang together too.

A trifling example best illustrates what I mean.

Once, when I was living in Paris, my French *femme de ménage* (maid) was called out of town by the sudden illness of her father. We rushed her to the first train, and I returned to do the marketing myself. *Would you believe that all my local shops refused to serve me, pretending to be out of every commodity I wanted, because they thought I must have dismissed Alphonsine—and Alphonsine was French, while I (with money to spend) was only a* sacrée étrangère?

Picture the mere possibility of such fantastic loyalty in America! I mean, as among Americans. It exists, of course, among Italian-Americans, among Irish-Americans, among Jewish-Americans. That is all.

AND, believe me, in France no foreigner ever gets a job that can be adequately filled by a French person, unless there isn't a French person available. I'd like to recommend that idea to some employers over here.

It isn't only the low birth rate that accounts for France always having lower unemployment figures than anybody else. She keeps check (and *what* a check!) on every foreigner in her domains, in lush times importing Italian, Hungarian, Polish, and other rough labor *en masse*. The trade barometer falls—and back go the foreigners for their own countries to worry about. The terms of their employment contracts, as well as of the permits that admitted them to France in the first place, leave no loophole for complaint.

There's another thing we might learn from the French. *Not to be sentimental in the wrong place.*

It's a funny thing that we Americans have a wholly undeserved reputation for hard-headedness, and the French an equally undeserved one for being incurably romantic.

There is no *less* sentimental people on earth than the French! And, I believe, no *more* sentimental (and sloppily, untidily, stupidly sentimental) one than ourselves!

Look at the things we let women, and criminals, get away with in the courts!

The divorces, the alimony suits (and amounts), the breach-of-promise cases—all sorts of actions that it's obvious would never, could never, be brought by the type of person who deserved to get anything out of them! Look at the returns of our ancient and dishonorable gold-digging profession! Look at our muddle-headed would-be benevolent legislation for making people good by statute! Who but a hopeless sentimentalist would believe in the possibility of doing that?

Then take one concrete example. Our attitude toward the French marriage settlement, or *dot*.

"Fancy anything so utterly degrading as *paying* a man to marry one!" sniff Miss Independent America and her self-made papa. Neither of whom knows a thing about the matter.

And because, in sentimental America, it isn't quite nice to haggle about money at such a sacred time, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred Miss Independent America marries Mr. Independent Middle West without any sort of adequate provision being made for the protection of either party.

We happily assume that all men and women who get married automatically become angels and sprout wings. The French cynically take it for granted that any human being is likely to turn out to be a villain—and knot themselves a contract Houdini couldn't get out of, taking care of all future eventualities.

Our way, the sordid friction—if any—arises between the loving parties themselves. The French way, it's all fought out beforehand by the family lawyers on both sides—who have no niceties of feeling to consider—and everybody knows just how things stand before any irrevocable step is taken.

And it works. The *dot is* an endowment for the bride—from her father if he can afford it, or from her own savings, toward her future home and life. No shame to her on that score. *But* that *dot* is legally settled upon her and her children, and remains their protection through life. Many a flutter-by-night French husband has been held in check by the knowledge that a divorce would entail immediate return, intact, of that wife's *dot*—so profitably invested in the business!

Neither party to a good French marriage contract is ever subject to exploitation or financial ill-use by the other. Divorce is easily obtained in France. But there's little demand for it. Why? Because to the French, marriage isn't just a license for the satisfaction of a natural appetite that, like most appetites, loses its keenness in time. To them, it's a solid contract, for solid, worth-while things—partnership, coöperation, the raising of a family; the founding, perhaps, of a business or a fortune. Anyway, a whole network of common interests, to be protected on both sides by give and take—and an occasional touch of wise blindness and deafness.

The French are *individually* tolerant, understanding, and wise. I used to wonder why they never brought any of the toleration to bear on international affairs—till I realized that there, of course, a stubborn unreasonableness paid much better!

That brings me very neatly to another two lessons we can learn from a profit-seeking race: the commercial value of politeness and the occasional value of subtlety—suggestion—in advertising. Not so much commercial, commodity advertising. There the French are still in primary school compared to us. But—well, perhaps propaganda is the word I want.

WHAT was it built the French Riviera with its filthy climate into a positively legendary winter resort for the rest of Europe and half America? Advertising. The pernicious French brand! They christened that climatically poisonous bit of country the "Côte d'Azur," endowed it with a world-wide blue-and-gold reputation—and left the rest to us.

Similarly the French have publicized Paris as the pleasure and culture city supreme of the whole world. And theirs as the loveliest countryside. *La belle France!* There are daylong stretches across the center of that "beautiful country" that resemble nothing so much as the eyesore patches of our own Middle West. Their west and south coasts are something like California—culturally more interesting, physically less beautiful. Their famed "châteaux country" is less interesting than dozens of districts in England, Germany, Italy, or Sweden.

It takes the French to advertise something that barely exists, and lift it on to the throne of an international religion!

To be polite! Heavens, the persistent *stupidity* of wanting to be rude! Will we Americans never realize that if you have charming manners you can all but get away with murder, and have people like you for it? While bad ones have blighted many a business career.

Why, as a race, do we Americans make a positive *business* of being rude? Let's learn from a nation that has made a good living, as well as many totally undeserved friendships, out of just being polite.

I suppose drinking like a gentleman, instead of—as we do, is largely a question of manners, too.

IN France, if you gave a party and someone became hopelessly intoxicated, you, your party, and all your guests would be disgraced. Here it seems to me that unless *everybody* has had more than they can carry no party is considered a success.

In France you drink because you're thirsty, because you like the taste of the wine. Here you drink because it's forbidden, and costs a lot, and because it is the "smart" thing to do.

The other evening I sat in a café in Marseilles (a tough town) for an hour and watched a young French couple talk and laugh and flirt over one vermuth-cassis apiece. At the end of the hour the drink wasn't quite finished. They'd spent approximately twenty cents. And had a fine time into the bargain. During the same hour, at the same café, an American sitting (in no party spirit) all alone, reading the newspapers, consumed six double whiskies and sodas without turning a hair. Speed. He just had to be doing something. And of course one mild drink, of fine quality, had lost its kick for him. We could learn lots along that line from that wine-growing and wine-drinking race—the French. But I'm afraid we've a long way to go before we learn it!

One last thing I'd enumerate. I think Frenchwomen could teach us American women *how to make ourselves count* without such a lot of fuss and hullabaloo.

They're supposed to be backward, subdued, insignificant in public affairs. Let me tell you they have more power than we, with all our sounding trumpets, get near looking at! As sweetheart, mistress, wife, or mother, your Frenchwoman is the complete despot, ruling not only the home but the nation. And her men aren't told it, don't have it rubbed into them all the time. And, accordingly, haven't been stirred into that antagonism we've managed to arouse in ours.

More fools we.

We should have gone to France and learned to do the job properly while we were about it!

Oh! And we might have learned to enjoy cooking. And to eschew sandwiches, diet, "light lunches," and meals out of a can!

THE END

MEN
be sensible
about
SHAVING
CREAM
■
25¢ is
enough to pay

Not many years ago, this company bought first-rate materials, pared production cost to the bone and produced a tooth paste at 25¢. Today it is a leader in the field. Its price was appealing, but merit and results gave it this leadership.

Now we're doing the same thing with Listerine Shaving Cream. We've made it as good as a shaving cream can be made. Like the tooth paste, it is winning men by thousands. Also like the tooth paste, its price is 25¢. Anything over that, we think is extravagance.

Here's a satiny cream that will lather in four seconds. In hard water, cold water—even in ice water. That cools and soothes skin and softens the beard so that your shaving is a delight instead of a nuisance.

To produce this shaving lather you use a bit of cream no larger than your little finger nail. The tube seems to last forever.

A quarter isn't much to risk to find out how swift and economical a shave can be. Get a tube today from your druggist. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE
10 shaves for you

CLIP THIS COUPON NOW—

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. L. 10. S.
St.Louis, Mo.

Please send me free trial of Listerine Shaving Cream.

*Name*________________________

*Street*________________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

The Story of a Football Coach Who Learned a Lesson and Passed It On

The IDEA of

(Reading time: 23 minutes 27 seconds.)

TERRY GARRETT gave his name to the two men in blue uniforms who presided over the entrance hall. They regarded him coldly, and he was grateful that the name meant nothing to them. But it was seldom nowadays that people remembered Terry Garrett and asked questions about the old days; or remembered him and offered sympathy—which was ten times worse.

"The warden?" said one of the men. "What's it about?" The warden's important visitors rode up to the building in large official cars, often with motorcycle escorts. This thickset man, with the shock of gray hair which he ruffled nervously, had walked to the foot of the steps, hesitated, pulled up his shoulders and jerked at his tie. They had watched him through the window.

"He'll know," the gray-haired man said gruffly. But under their level, appraising glances his voice became plaintively defensive. "He wants to see me," he said.

A guard mumbled into a telephone and clicked down the receiver. "All right," he said. "This man will show you."

Garrett followed the broad blue-coated back with the Sam Browne belt cutting across it. The man thrust accurately with a huge key at the lock of a barred door, and swung it open. He waited until it clanked shut, and then took the lead again, ushering the visitor up some stairs and along an unfurnished corridor. They passed a door marked "Bertillon" and another labeled "Chaplain." The September sun streamed through the barred windows and made neatly lined squares on the white wall opposite.

The warden's visitor stole glances as he walked quickly by. Men were scattered about on the road and lawns between the buildings. They were digging, grading, or just walking slowly. But although the windows were open, no sound of voices came to Garrett as he walked down the corridor.

Suddenly a sense of the grotesque swept through him and he felt a crazy desire to stand still in the corridor and laugh. It must be funny, because it was so grotesque! He—Terry Garrett—was visiting the state prison, looking for a job! He whom sports writers had once acclaimed as the greatest in the game! Twelve years ago, before public opinion had condemned him as a bully and a cad, the most prominent alumni of the most prominent colleges were dining him at their clubs and hinting at contracts at fabulous salaries. And now—

"Here," said the guard, halting at a door. "You'll find his secretary in there."

It was a small, high-ceilinged room, its walls bare except for a few photographs. At the single desk a young clerk was working at a typewriter. He looked up and nodded toward a chair. "You'll have to wait just a minute," he said.

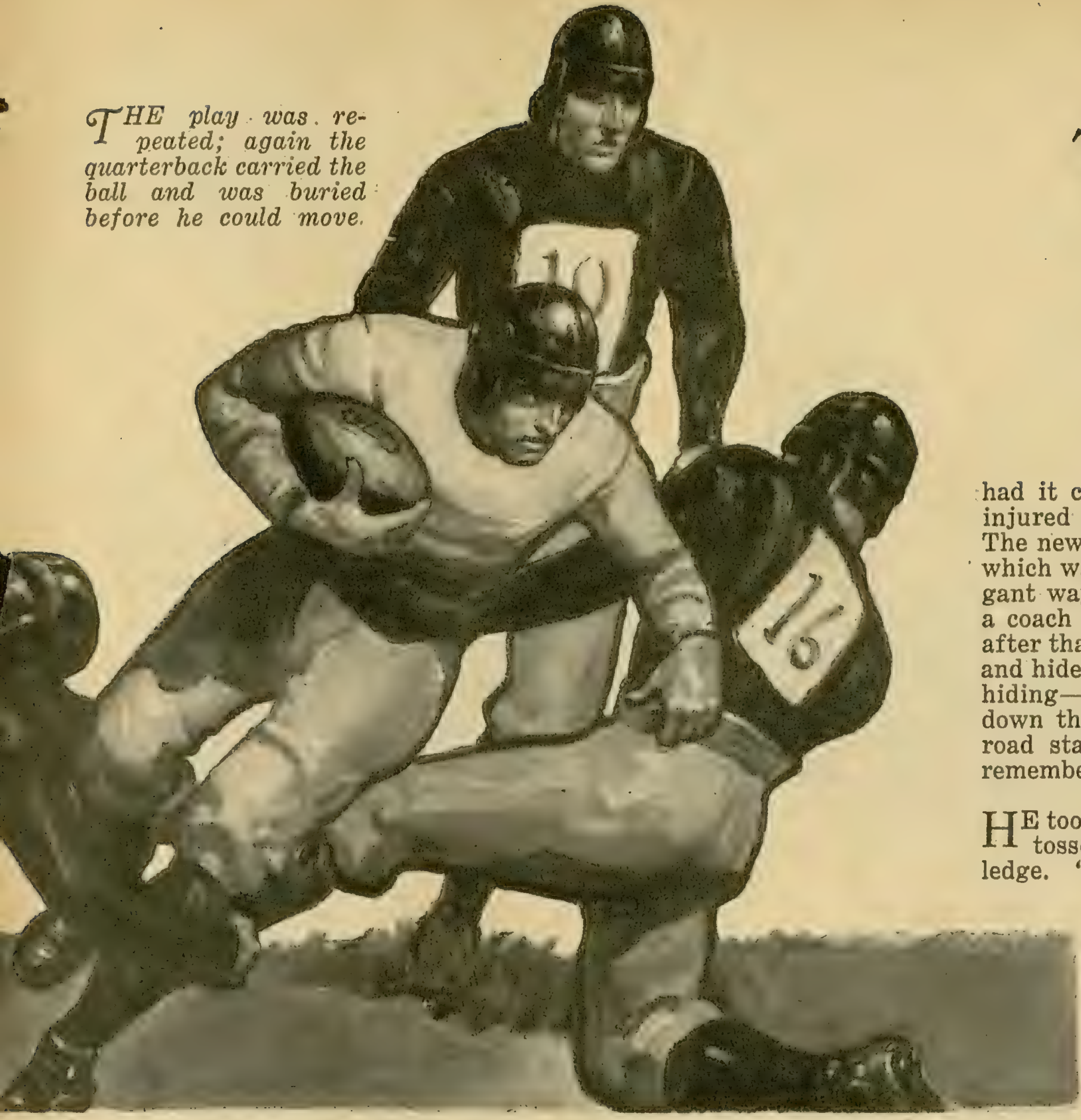
It was a long minute. Terry Garrett pulled his chair to a window and looked out. The road he had come by was on the right, winding into a cluster of buildings that was the village. He could see the railroad station and the three-storied hotel opposite. That was where he would live if the interview turned out right. Beyond were stretches of level farm land cut in half as far as the foothills by the single railroad track and the automobile highway that paralleled it. A desolate place to live, compared with the apartment in the city which he shared with his daughter and her husband. But they would need his room anyway—with Johnny sick, and Mae going to the hospital in a month. More than that, they would need the money this job would bring. He glanced uneasily at the clerk and wished he could get it over with.

To the left the road ended at a gate of heavy steel that opened into the prison grounds. Across the road the land

the GAME

By
MATT TAYLOR

Pictures by
MORTIMER WILSON, JR.



THE play was repeated; again the quarterback carried the ball and was buried before he could move.

dropped abruptly and the high walls stretched away for five hundred feet and turned at right angles to inclose the yard. It was sun-baked dirt, the yard was, and it was spotted where it had been watered unevenly to keep down the dust. Hundreds of gray figures moved about in it, but Garrett stared abstractedly, thinking his own thoughts. Then a group of them gathered together at the far end of the field, and he watched. They were working, lifting something. Two white poles with a crossbar between were raised in the air. The crossbar faced the length of the field.

THE clerk looked up from his work. "You're going to coach the football team, aren't you?" he asked.

Garrett turned quickly. His face hardened and he felt his temper stirring. Bitter denials surged up inside him. Coach a team—here? Why, twelve years ago the biggest colleges in the East had been after him. A Garrett team meant a powerful, fighting-mad team that crashed its way to victory in gay colosseums before the biggest football crowds of the season. He stood up and his fist clenched over the brim of his hat.

But he took time to light a cigarette and got hold of himself. His temper had caused enough damage. It had caused his downfall—that ugly fist fight when he laid low a burly fullback before a big game. The fullback had it coming to him, but he had been injured as he fell, and the talk started. The newspapers were laying for Garrett, which was natural enough after the arrogant way he'd treated them. A bully of a coach hitting a kid! He was through after that, and glad enough to crawl away and hide. Now he wanted to go back into hiding—to get through that door and down the corridor and back to the railroad station before he saw people who remembered.

HE took a long drag on the cigarette and tossed the hat back on the window ledge. "I'm here to talk to the warden about it," he said to the clerk.

"It's the warden's idea. Never been tried in this place before. Most of them out here don't know what it's all about."

"They can learn," Garrett said gruffly.

"Oh, sure. Maybe. You done much coaching?"

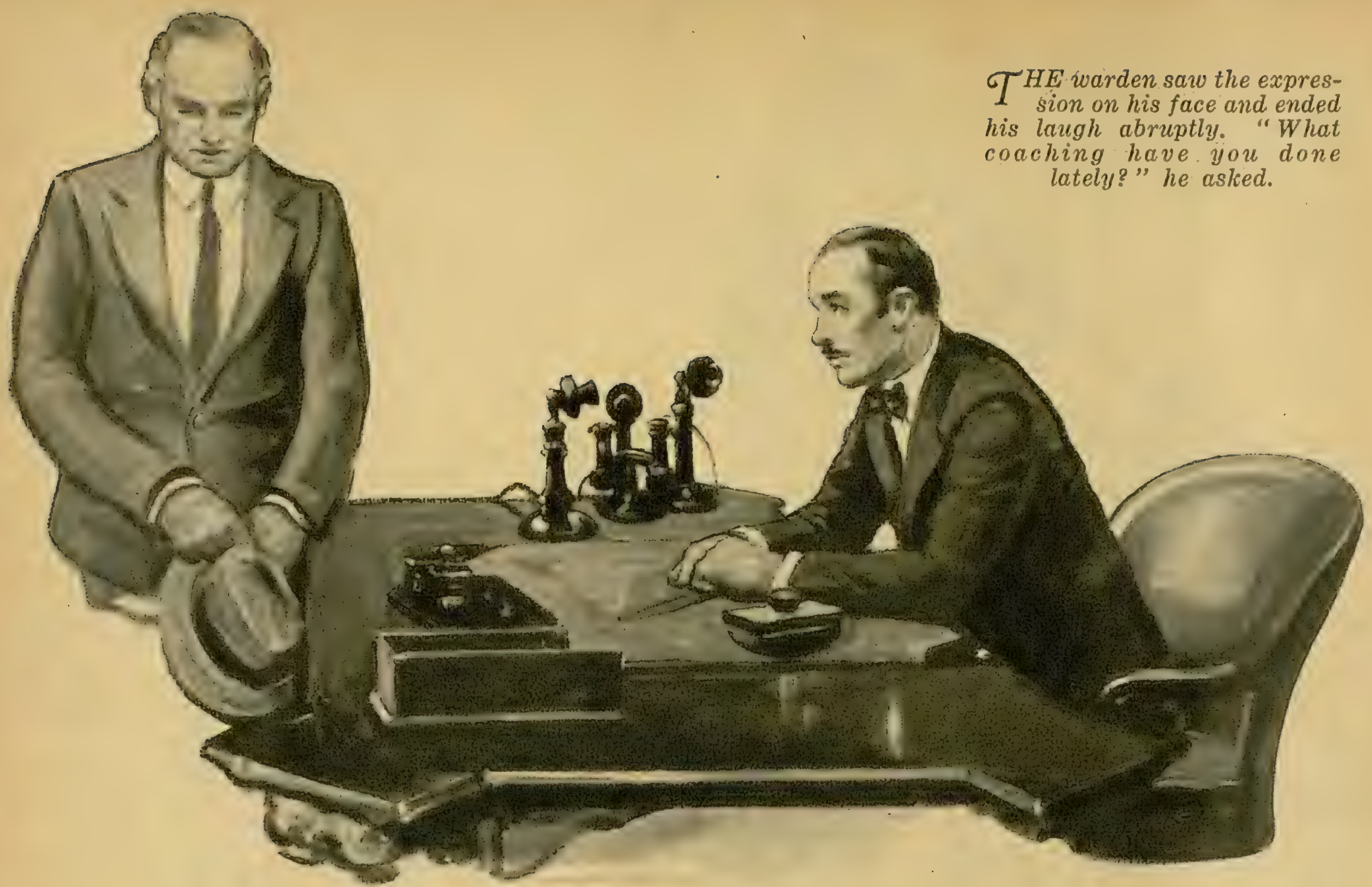
"Some," Garrett said. He turned back to the window. The goal posts were being planted now and the men formed in a circle and looked on. On the machine-gun turrets on the walls, guards were leaning over the balcony railings beside the searchlights, watching.

Garrett forced a smile. Well, it wouldn't be so bad when the chalk lines were down. A little brisk football weather and it wouldn't seem such a caricature. The baseball bleachers would be filled with men who could outyell college kids. And, he supposed, there would be some kind of a band. There was a separate grand stand which the outside public would fill. Even punk high-school teams drew more than a thousand these days. Yes—they would get good crowds.

His smile left him. He knew, deep inside, why people would come. They'd come for a gag. It would be fun to see this bunch trying to play football. The team would be a good laugh. His team! Terry Garrett's team would be a good laugh. . . . Terry Garrett's team . . .

"Just a few minutes more," the clerk said, as he came back from the inner office.

Garrett nodded without looking. His mind was calm again. He knew what it would mean, coming back into the game like this. He knew what the newspapers would do when they found it out. Well, they could dig up the whole sorry past if they wanted to. He had stood it once; he could stand it again. There was nothing else to do. He needed to earn more than just enough for himself now. Johnny was sick, and Mae was going to the hospital



THE warden saw the expression on his face and ended his laugh abruptly. "What coaching have you done lately?" he asked.

in a month. He hadn't been able to give Mae much when she married. Afraid to get back into the game because people would remember. All these years, afraid to come out of hiding.

The clerk was beside him. "You can see him now," he said.

The gray-haired man stood up quickly and looked out once more at the sordid prison yard and the slow-moving gray figures and the incongruous goal posts, freshly white.

"I said you can see the warden now," repeated the clerk, raising his voice.

Garrett turned away from the window. "Oh, yes. Thanks," he said dully.

THE tall, thin man behind the desk arose, smiled, and held out his hand. His hair, at the temples, was prematurely gray, but his keen brown eyes and his quick, forceful manner told how young he was.

"You don't remember, I suppose?" he said to Garrett. "Charlie Howe—'Chuck' in college. I almost made the squad in '20. It was my senior year."

Garrett searched his memory. He tried to recall all the men of that year; but the line of hopeful, mud-spattered young faces seemed endless. There were only a few he could remember.

He smiled wanly at the warden. "Maybe you didn't have the weight," he said.

The tall man laughed. "That isn't what you said then. You said I might be all right if I weren't so damn' dumb and had more guts."

Garrett's lips tightened. Yes, that was the way he used to talk in '20. He was on the top then. They had tacked a hard-boiled reputation on him, or he had built one for himself—it didn't matter which—and he lived up to it. He was a czar, crazy with power; above reproach because he could win football games. He thought then the dispensation had no limits.

The warden saw the expression on his face and ended his laugh abruptly. "What coaching have you done lately?" he asked.

"I got out of the game in '20. I got out of it when—"

"Um-m." The warden was silent a moment. "The papers rode you pretty hard for that, didn't they?"

"I had it coming. I lost my head and hit the kid. He was a husk—but he was only a kid and I was his coach. He cracked his head when he toppled over, and that's how he was hurt. But I did hit him—and that was rotten." Garrett's eyes were on the desk. He wanted to get this part over. It was harder than he thought, this going back out loud. It took all the courage he had. "I had good luck with my teams for a couple of years, and I got to think I was God. But you knew me. You remember."

The warden leaned back in his chair. "I remember," he said. "But you could turn out winning teams."

Garrett nodded. "Yes," he said, "I could turn out winning teams."

"It'll be different here, Garrett." The warden's voice was crisp. "You've got different men to handle. It's all new to most of them. Not just the game—but the whole idea of games. Your old hard-boiled, call-'em-yellow methods might have piled up victories, but you can't get an idea across that way. We don't bully men in prison any more." He smiled bitterly. "Not even to win football games."

Garrett's lips went tight again.

"Sorry," the warden said. "But I've got to talk plain. Mr. Medford of the state department spoke to me about you—"

"He played center for me in '17. I wrote to him."

"I'D like to put you on. But if anything should go wrong—if your team should kick over the traces and not behave right—there would be no end of criticism. It's starting already." He picked up a pile of letters and let them fall through his hands. "Coddling, they call it. So I'm more or less on trial. And not only me—but my whole way of thinking. The whole idea of supervised recreation in a place like this; the idea of bringing a semblance of normality into an abnormal life."

Garrett nodded from across the desk and coughed nervously.

"I don't expect you to turn out champions. Your team may be—well, laughable. The newspaper boys may kid us. But even if we do play sloppy football—"

Garrett's head rose quickly and for a moment his eyes snapped. "No team of mine plays sloppy football," he said. His voice cracked in a way the warden remembered from fifteen years ago.

"No team of yours?" mused the warden. "Yes—but that wasn't—that wasn't here."

The fire went out of Garrett's eyes and he studied his hands again. The warden shifted about and ran his fingers through his hair. "I'd like to take you on," he said again. "Mr. Medford told me—er—some things about you. But when I think of your methods, Garrett, I'm not so sure. So I've decided that if you'd like to try it for three weeks, you can. The first game is three weeks from now, and if you want to take it over and see how this first game goes—"

"I can't turn out a fast team in three weeks!"

The warden smiled quietly. "They don't need to be fast," he said. "But they've got to fight hard, and play fair, and work together. I want to sell the idea more than the game."

"I—I'd like to try it," Garrett murmured dully.

"You can have them every afternoon until four thirty. And if you want them for blackboard work we'll get them together for you two or three evenings a week."

"But suppose I can't—suppose it doesn't work out? Not the way you want, I mean?"

"I'd pay your expenses for the three weeks, but I'm afraid not much more. We're handicapped, you see. There are no state funds for this. We're financed by benefits given by the men inside the walls and by the receipts from the games. Even if you stay with us, it wouldn't be—I couldn't promise how much, you know. But it wouldn't be anything like the money you made—"

"I know that," Garrett said shortly. "But it'll be enough. I—I want to give my daughter a—a sort of present."

"Um-m. I remember her. A little blonde girl. She used to come out for all the games."

Garrett smiled. "Used to sit on the bench with me once in a while. She's married now. She's going to have—" He stood up suddenly and held out his hand. "I can come tomorrow and we'll get things started."

THE warden reached across the desk and pressed his hand. "Just one more thing," he said, as Garrett turned away. "The newspapers are interested in this. The teams we play are unimportant—just athletic clubs from around here—but a prison football team is news. They'll want to know who's going to do the coaching."

Garrett was only half turned. "I—I've thought of that," he said leadenly.

"I merely wanted you to understand. I didn't know how you'd feel about—about getting into the spotlight again."

"I—I'll have to stand it, I guess."

The warden smiled quietly. "Good man," he said. "If there is anything I can do—"

Garrett had wheeled about. He stepped forward and leaned across the desk, his palms pressing tight against the edge of it. "There is something," he said eagerly. "You could do it, I think. It—it would make it much easier."

"Anything within reason." The warden was watching him sharply.

"I know it wouldn't matter to you. You could let me take an assumed name!"

The warden turned a pencil over and over between his thumb and forefinger. "There'd be no reporters inside the walls except during the games," he said slowly. "You would be on the far side of the field with your team. No, I don't suppose you'd be recognized."

"And it wouldn't matter to you, would it?" the older man asked anxiously. "They'd dig up the past, you see. The whole rotten mess. They'd make a sob story out of me. I—I thought I could stand it, but—but—"

The point of the pencil broke and the warden threw it aside. "I suppose it does take courage," he said curtly. He leaned back in his chair. "All right, Garrett. Let it go at that—if you'd rather have it that way."

GARRETT turned away from the warden's eyes. "It would make it easier," he murmured.

"I promised that you could try it," the warden said. "A three weeks' trial, you understand?"

The gray-haired man nodded. "Three weeks," he agreed. "Tell them my name is—is Brown. Robert Brown. Tell them I'm some old-timer who's never done anything important. I'll appreciate it, Mr. Howe. I'll do a good job for you."

The warden pressed a button on his desk for the clerk. "I hope so," he said, with a cold smile. "But it's the idea of the game I want to sell."

Garrett was late in getting home. There was shopping that he had to do. He needed a decent blue suit, and sweaters and knickers and football shoes. The clerks in the downtown stores would remember him, so he traveled to a remote end of the city and found a shabby side-street place that was open until nine.

He ran his hands critically over the cleats in the shoes, and the familiar feel of them brought an almost forgotten thrill. He held the jersey across his shoulders and studied the effect in a mirror. He raised his eyes and found his image smiling back at him in an eager, excited way.

The dark little storekeeper eyed him sharply. "For what team do you get these, mister?" he asked. "You want me to order some more, maybe?"

Garrett stopped smiling. "What team?" he said dully. "Oh, you never heard of them. No, they have their own outfits." He tossed a bill on the counter and waited silently until the things were wrapped.

They had left a light for him in the living room, and he rummaged about in the space under the window seat to find his old valise. The window-seat top fell shut with a crack and he heard Mae come out of her room.

She stood in the hall doorway, her worn bath robe wrapped tightly about her, and glared at him. There were

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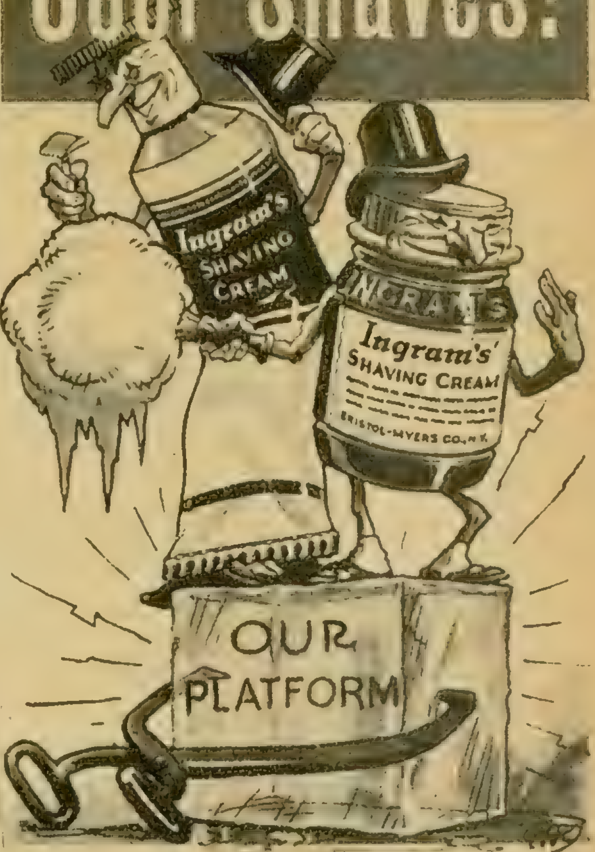

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red marks under her eyes again, and her lips, pressed tight together, quivered before she spoke. "Can't you stop banging things?" she said sullenly. "Johnny's asleep. I don't want him sitting up at the window again smoking cigarettes all night long."

Garrett threw his overcoat over the packages and walked across to her. "How was the day, honey?" he asked.

She turned away from him with a tired shrug. "The same, of course. I waited dinner for you. You might have phoned. Johnny's as cross as a bear again. Oh, I know he's been pretty sick, but I don't see why—"

"It's the worry, hon," Garrett said, "the long worry."

"He won't get better that way, will he? I guess I have more reason to worry than he has. It's only a month off. We haven't enough left for even the hospital bills." Her cold eyes misted suddenly and she threw her arms around Garrett's shoulders and clung there. "Sorry, dad," she said softly. "I never thought I'd be cross, like this, with you. I'm falling down on you, don't you think?"

"No," Garrett said. "I'm the one who fell down."

"It's all right, dad," she said, smiling feebly at him. "You're taking care of yourself. That's enough."

"It's not enough, hon. I'm going to see you through. I—I've been thinking of getting back into the game."

The girl patted his arm gently. "Forget it, dad. It's too late now, anyway. A few years ago— But I know. I suppose it would have been pretty hard on you."

"I mean it this time," Garrett said. "I'm going to help."

She sighed wearily and walked away. "It's all right," she said, from the hall. "We'll get along—somehow. I'm tired, dad."

Garrett smiled and watched her. "I'm off on a trip in the morning," he called after her. "Be gone a few weeks."

He saw her pause in the dimly lighted hall and half turn. "A trip?" she said. "Oh, all right, dad. But just at this time, you know—I thought—"

"It's a proposition I'm running down," he said. "This one may amount to something."

"All right, dad," she called weakly. "I'll see you in the morning before you go."

He waited until he heard her door close, and then carried the packages and valise carefully to his own room.

GARRETT stood once more at the window of the warden's office and looked down. The yard across the road was marked off now in a rectangle crossed with parallel white chalk lines. Behind the farther goal posts the baseball bleachers were somber with men in heavy gray sweaters and gray trousers and dark caps. As yet the grand stand was empty. Guards were gathered at its entrance, waiting to herd the visitors into the benches behind the screen.

But Garrett was looking down on the road which ended at the gate of heavy steel. It was filled with a thousand people now, and guards were forming them, single file, into lines. More spectators came up, laughing gayly. But only the newcomers laughed. They saw the pile of brick buildings on the hill, and the gray mass in the bleachers in the hollow across the road; they were ordered into place by men in blue uniforms, and their laughter stopped. They waited dully and talked in low voices.

The steel gate was partially open and the lines were moving slowly through. Garrett could see inside. They bought their tickets and moved forward to a pair of guards who ran searching hands over the pockets of the men, and passed them on. Garrett turned away. Football crowds!

THE office door opened and the warden walked quickly through. "Come inside," he said to Garrett. "I want to talk to you."

"Haven't much time," the coach said. He coughed to clear his voice. "I should be down with the team."

The warden turned and frowned. "I hear you've got Vitelli playing quarter," he said.

Garrett nodded. "A fast kid, that wop. He's pretty green to call signals, but he's the best I've got. He'll probably try a long forward on the first down when he's on their five-yard line."

"And Johansen, the big blond fellow, at fullback?"

"Yes," Garrett said with a wry smile. "He's powerful. He used to be a wrestler; but I've got him over the idea of clamping on a headlock when he tackles."

The warden shook his head solemnly. "I thought you knew," he said nervously. "Those two can't work together. It goes back a long way—before they ever came out here."

"No; they work pretty well together. I've tried them out. Oh, I know they aren't exactly friendly, if that's what you mean."

The warden bit his lips and took time to think. He looked at Garrett sharply. "I want to give you a fair trial," he said. "I don't want to interfere. But I've had trouble with those men. If—if they start anything on the field—well, you know how much this means to me, Garrett!"

The coach grunted. "Everyone expects something to happen, I suppose?" he said.

"Even the coach of the other team knows. I heard him kidding about it."

"We had a talk a while ago," Garrett said. "I might have mentioned it."

The warden's scowl deepened. "Now look here, Garrett—"

The older man turned on him with a shrug. "I promised you I'd teach that gang the game. I think I have. I've tried. I want to keep my job and I'm playing those two boys. But it's up to you, I suppose."

The young man stared at the gray-haired one. Then he turned away.

"Run your own team, Garrett," he called over his shoulder.

The coach sat on the end of the bench, turned sideways to the field, an elbow resting on one knee. It was a pose he had made famous in the old days. Artists had sketched him that way; sports writers had gossiped about it in special paragraphs. His soft hat was pulled far over one eye and he squinted out on the field, following every move, sensing every undercurrent of thought and mood in the team he had built. His jaws moved ceaselessly on gum and his hand toyed with a lump of mud until it crumbled, then found another.

The prison band of horns and drums blared forth with a familiar march, and the coach's foot tapped in time. Beside him the warden watched anxiously, his fingers playing along the edge of the bench. The first half was nearing its end, and the team had done well. They were two touchdowns behind, but they were fighting hard and there had been no penalties. If their plays were crude, their earnestness matched that of any team Terry Garrett had ever coached.

The opposing fullback threw a pass, and Vitelli, the stocky Italian, turned about in his mad chase and saw the ball almost upon him. He closed his arms over his stomach, was bowled over, and came up grinning.

"Intercepted!" the warden cried. "Neat."

"Lucky," growled Garrett.

The warden gripped suddenly at Garrett's sleeve. "Look!" he said, and pointed. Johansen, the blond giant, was standing in front of the Italian, his chin thrust forward, his fists clenched at his sides. The quarterback pushed him contemptuously aside.

"What?" Garrett said. "Oh, that's all right. Now watch."

THE team lined up, the play started and ended with the ball in the same position. Vitelli came up from the bottom of the heap, grinning again. The play was repeated; again the quarterback carried the ball and was buried almost before he could move. This time Johansen ran up close to the smaller man. From the bench they could see him muttering. His fists swung menacingly.

The warden turned and pulled Garrett toward him. "Take one of those men out!" he ordered. "Quick! Don't you see what's going to happen?"

But it was too late. Signals were called—but they were never finished. The big blond man stood up. "Signals off!" he cried. "What de hell!"

Vitelli sprang upright. "Me—I run dis team! See?" His voice rang clear and menacing.

"Why don't they stop it!" moaned the warden.

"Leave 'em alone," Garrett growled, squinting harder.

Then they heard Johansen cry, "You tank you run wit' dat ball all de time! You tank you hell of a guy, huh?"

The opposing team was standing upright now, grinning. Vitelli glared for a moment. Then he turned on his heel. "Squarehead!" he called. "Go ahead and be big shot. I'm through."

The short Italian was walking swiftly toward the side lines. But his team's line remained intact; the center still crouched over the ball. Twenty yards to the side Vitelli turned and faced the two teams. "Squarehead!" he cried. He said it as though he were calling a password.

SOMETHING happened almost before the warden could see. Vitelli was no longer walking off the field; he was running toward the opponent's goal posts. The center had snapped the ball, and Johansen's arm was straight in back of him, his huge hand clutched about the leather. The opposing team, motionless with surprise, was being bowled over by the plunging line. The little Italian was far in the clear as Johansen's arm shot forward and the ball sailed through the air over four white lines. In another second it was in the little man's arms. He caught it; hugged it; rolled over twice and jumped up to race across the goal line.

Garrett removed from his shoulder the warden's clutching hand. "Damned if it didn't work!" he murmured.

The warden did not answer. His eyes were on the far end of the field. He was watching a short, stocky Italian and a huge blond giant—enemies of long and bitter standing. Their arms were locked about each other as they performed a spontaneous and grotesque dance of triumph.

Garrett stood up suddenly and sighed. "The half will be over in a minute," he said gruffly to the warden. "I—I promised the newspaper boys I'd let 'em get a picture or two."

"Hold on!" The warden was on his feet. "You—you don't want to meet them!"

Garrett smiled. "I have met 'em. In-introduced myself before the game. Introduced T-Terry G-Garrett."

The warden put his hand on the older man's shoulder. "Why did you do it, Terry?" he asked softly.

Garrett shrugged and looked away. "It's part of the idea of the game, isn't it? To take it, when you've got it coming, and not run away? I—I guess I sort of taught myself while I was teaching that gang out there."

He nodded curtly and walked away. Then he turned. "Tell that bunch, when they come off," the gray-haired coach ordered fiercely, "that I'll be with 'em in two minutes to give 'em hell. The dumb bunch of eggs! They've got to pull this ball game out of the fire in the next half!"

The warden smiled and raised his hand in salute. "Yes, sir, Mr. Garrett," he answered. "They've got to pull this ball game! That's the second lesson. They seem to have learned the first. They've caught on to the main idea."

THE END

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A New Adventure Among

Don't Look

The Slogan of the Steel Birds Who Brave Death Hundreds of Feet in the Air Building Our Modern Skyscrapers

By

LOWELL THOMAS

Picture by CARL PFEUFER

(Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.)

WHEN we look up at the spidery steel framework of a new skyscraper rearing itself into the sky and see tiny antlike men walking along the topmost girders, hopping from one to another, we think what daredevils they are—what foolhardy chances they are taking.

But they aren't. The men who go up daily to those lonely wind-swept heights are not taking needless chances—except when they get careless.

"This idea that us fellows hop around like a bunch of monkeys is all hooey," said one grizzled, tight-lipped veteran. His stiff short white hair was not quite concealed by his cap and turned-up leather wind-breaker. We were standing outside one of the "holes" where they were laying the first girders of one of the units of Radio City. He was hanging around waiting for the building to get far enough along to require more men. White hair doesn't help you get a job as an ironworker.

"If you're sitting on a beam up there and have to lean over and down to stick a bolt in—with nothing between you and the street—take it from me, you get a good hold with your knees and your feet before you reach down."

True, these quiet, sharp-eyed, weather-stained men do things that make my knees and your knees go a little watery. But they are not stunts—to them.

"If you're on one of them scaffolds up there," said another chap, "you're just as safe as you are here. It don't matter how high up it is."

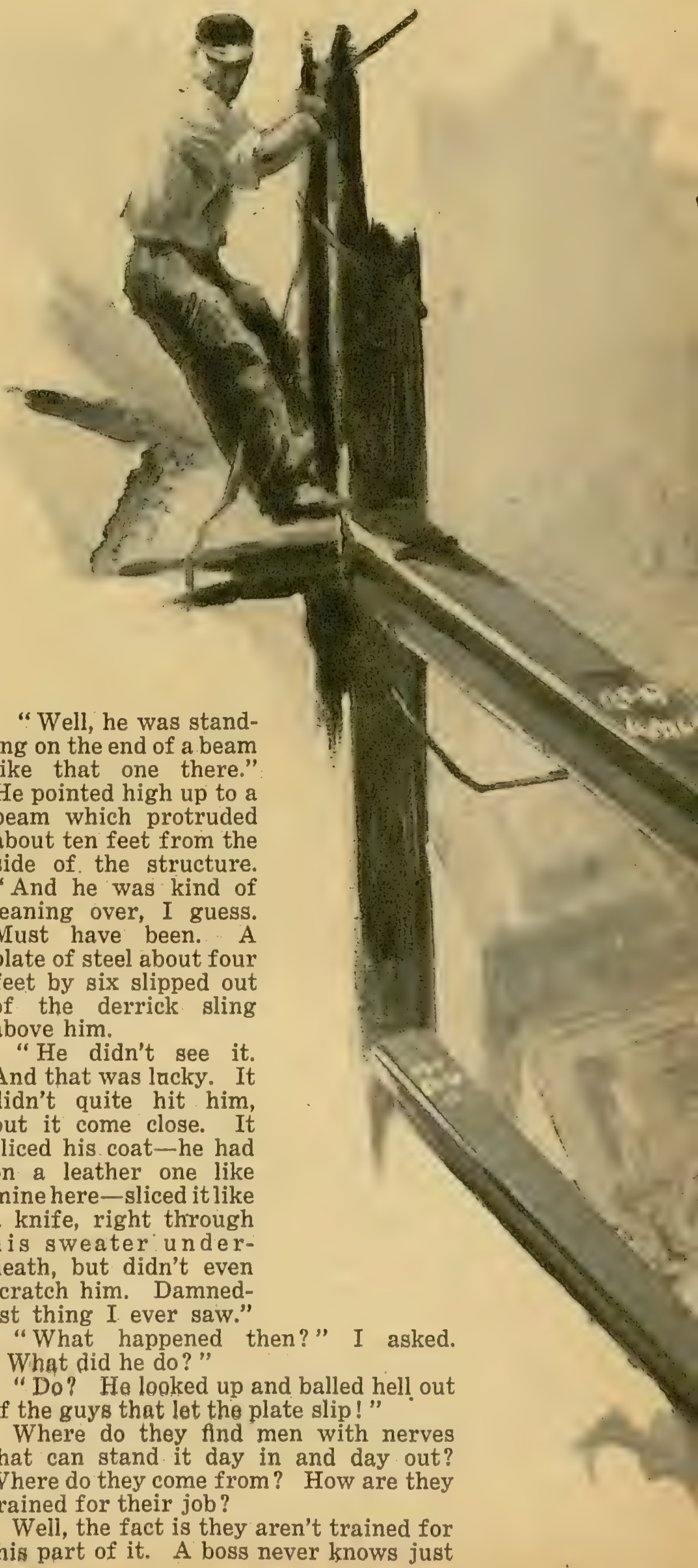
"How about walking across one of those girders?" I asked, pointing to one on another "job" which was silhouetted against the sky about thirty stories up.

"That beam there? It's twelve inches wide. That's plenty wide. If it was laying here on the sidewalk you'd walk from here to Sixth Avenue on it and think nothing of it. Well, it's just as wide up there. Nothing to it!"

But that isn't true. Not quite. I know because I tried it. In fact, I've done it scores of times. Not literally, of course. Actually I did it only once. But since then, on nights when I haven't been sleeping very well, I've done it again and again.

"Stuff like that ain't where the danger is. It's what you don't expect and can't expect. There was Sam Lowman—" He hesitated.

"What about him?" I asked. Lowman was the steel foreman on this particular job. I'd just talked to him.



"Well, he was standing on the end of a beam like that one there." He pointed high up to a beam which protruded about ten feet from the side of the structure. "And he was kind of leaning over, I guess. Must have been. A plate of steel about four feet by six slipped out of the derrick sling above him.

"He didn't see it. And that was lucky. It didn't quite hit him, but it come close. It sliced his coat—he had on a leather one like mine here—sliced it like a knife, right through his sweater underneath, but didn't even scratch him. Damnedest thing I ever saw."

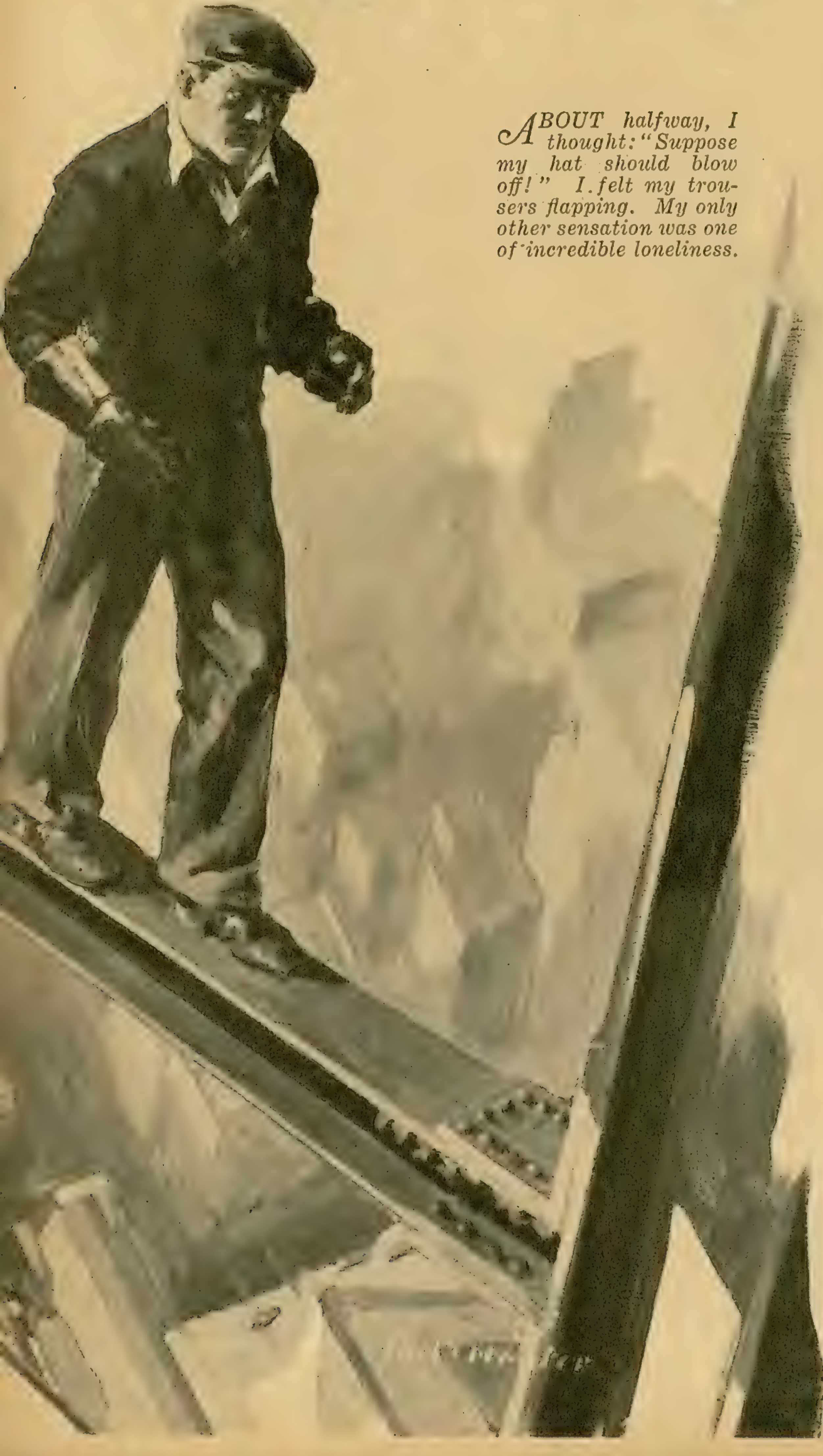
"What happened then?" I asked. "What did he do?"

"Do? He looked up and balled hell out of the guys that let the plate slip!"

Where do they find men with nerves that can stand it day in and day out? Where do they come from? How are they trained for their job?

Well, the fact is they aren't trained for this part of it. A boss never knows just

Reckless Lives—At Your Feet



ABOUT halfway, I thought: "Suppose my hat should blow off!" I felt my trousers flapping. My only other sensation was one of incredible loneliness.

whether a man can be an aërial ironworker until he's been aloft. There are people who, with all the will and courage in the world, simply cannot stand great heights.

Said one of the other foremen: "I've seen big husky guys that knew the business from A to Z come down after ten minutes up there white as a sheet and shaking all over. They'd throw down their wrenches and say they'd get a job somewheres else."

THEY'RE a curious guild of workers. They'd have to be. And for the most part they are of two types. First, there are the old fellows. They were on the job way back in the '80s when steel first began to be extensively used in building construction. That, roughly, was along about the time when steam was replacing sails on the high seas. And a large majority of the old-timers were square-rig sailors who were driven ashore when square-riggers went out of date. Names like Gunderson, Hagstrom, Sorensen—Scandinavian names—predominate among the foremen. Then there are the younger men, the majority of whom started as boys of fourteen or fifteen as "rivet jacks." A rivet jack is a sort of apprentice. He carries rivets up to the men on the columns, also coal to the rivet heaters, scaling the steep iron ladders or walking the swaying beams, before he is old enough to know that on such a job any right-minded person ought to be scared to death.

Once an ironworker, always an ironworker.

"I been in this business since I was fourteen," said Slim Cooper. "I swear to God I'll get out of it. Then you hear of a job. And the next thing you know there you are hanging around waiting for a chance to go up. It gets into your blood.

"When I was working on the Grand Central Building one day I swore I was through for good. I was standing on a plank outside the thirty-sixth story. I'd just finished driving the rivet when I heard the plank under me pop. I felt it crack right under my feet, and next thing I knew I was going down. But just a second later, the next thing I knew, I'd stopped fallin' and was bobbin' up and down. I'd fallen square between two planks that were on the outside of the thirty-fifth floor! They'd caught me right under the armpits and there I was. My feet were danglin' with nothin' to get hold of. Those planks weren't made fast at the ends. They'd just been laid on the needle beams that stick out.

"Was I scared? Don't ask me. I was shaking so hard I was afraid I'd jiggle the outside plank loose. Yes, sir; and I could feel it moving under my right arm. So I grit my teeth and said, 'If you're going to get it, you'll get it. But for God's sake stop shaking—don't kill *yourself!*'

"It seemed to me that I hung there, just bobbin' up and down that way, for an hour. But I guess it wasn't so long before the boys got a rope under my arms and made it fast to one of the columns inside. Then they lashed the inside plank, the one next the building. They lashed it fast to the girders at each end. Then it was easy to move the outside plank far enough away so I could throw a foot over the other one and pull myself up on it.

"That's when I swore I was through. But after a little while I went back to work. In the blood, I guess."

Another of the men, Dave Ricketts, grinned. "In the blood is right. The longest fall I ever had was about eighty-five floors."

"What?" said I. "Eighty-five floors!"

"That far, anyway. And when I come to I was laying on the floor—of my bedroom. An', boy, had I been dreaming? I'll say so! I was sweating all over." He grinned again. "Aw, none of us guys has had any real falls. Guys that has real falls can't tell you how it happened. They ain't here!"

But in spite of the enormous and incalculable risks the serious casualties are surprisingly few. According to R. B. Thomas, counsel for the Structural Steel Board of Trade, whose office records all accidents in the trade from scratches on the fingers to fatal falls, there were only two ironworkers killed in all the time the Empire State Building was being erected. The popular belief that a great skyscraper costs "a man a floor" is far from the truth.

OF course, in huge enterprises like the Empire State or Radio City or the Chrysler Building the precautions taken to protect the workmen are far more elaborate than those on smaller projects. It is when the builder is working against time, or when he is trying to keep costs at a minimum to satisfy the owner, that accidents, many of them avoidable, occur. On the big jobs the equipment is constantly inspected. The riveted joints are tapped and tested; the cables and all other apparatus are checked, oiled, painted, overhauled. There are "catch scaffolds" to stop the falling bolts or bits of concrete or tools which really constitute the greatest of the preventable dangers.

If the building is of any size at all, a doctor and nurse are instantly available at any moment of the working day. Wherever you look on the walls of the many shanties you see this sign:

IN CASE OF
ACCIDENT

1. If injured can travel take or send him to surgeon's office
2. If injured cannot travel phone

SURGEON'S OFFICE
[ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER]

In spite of all the safeguards, from fifteen to thirty or more accidents, some trivial, some serious, are reported every day. There's a rule that every accident, however slight, must be reported. For a scratch or bruise that seems like nothing may easily develop infection in the grime-laden air in which these men work. That may mean weeks of lost time—and damage claims against the company.

But the men themselves resent what they consider silly and unnecessary precautions. They break safety rules, if they think they're foolish, every chance they get. Most companies absolutely forbid their men to ride the derrick ball or the load that is being hoisted. But they do it just the same. Not in a spirit of bravado. It's just easier than climbing up the ladders, floor after floor. They can go part way on the temporary elevators; but the erectors and riveters work, sometimes, eight or ten floors above the elevators. They'd rather be lifted up by the derrick than make that climb.

BUT it's dangerous. The hoisting engine is far below, somewhere in the basement of the structure. The engineer is guided by a system of signals. There are two bells just above his head. Signals on one of them direct him as to the raising or lowering of the derrick boom; those on the other guide him in raising or lowering the girder, or other load, being hoisted. In the roar and feverish activity of the place, signals can be misunderstood or wrongly given. A sudden change in the speed of the hoist magnifies itself many times along the length of the swaying cable. The jerk is almost sure to loosen the hold of a man riding on the derrick ball.

If a beam, say, twenty feet long is being hoisted, the sling of the derrick catches it almost exactly in the center. It is balanced almost as delicately as the bar on a pair of scales. If it starts to tip, a man riding on it is helpless unless he can grab the sling in the center. Knowing this, I saw a sight that made my hair curl.

It was near a big apartment building in the Bronx. Looking up at the boom of the derrick, the cables hanging down seemed about a mile long. At the end of it was a girder teetering and swinging as it went up and up. And on each end of the girder was a man! It seemed to me, as it rose with its human freight, that the beam missed the sides of the building again and again by no more than a few inches. In fact, now and then one of the men would reach out his gloved hand and push against the wall to keep clear. And on up they went, getting smaller and smaller. They finally got to the columns at the very top into which the beam was to be fitted. Up there they reached over, pressing against the topmost tips of the columns, guiding the beam into the grooves which were its resting place.

When it settled, they stood up and walked over to the columns, leaned down, and slipped the temporary bolts into place—bolts to hold the beam until the riveters got up that high and fixed it in place permanently.

"I used to ride 'em," said a muscular, sunburned chap by the name of Paul Massey. "But that was before I saw a couple of fellows take their last ride. There was two on each end of this beam. They'd got up about sixty feet when she got off center or something and tipped. The boys on the down end just rolled off, that's all. The guys

Hine photo from Ewing Galloway

Using a torch eighty-five stories above the ground, during the construction of the Empire State Building in New York City.

on the other end had a better chance. One of 'em just flattened on his stomach as the beam came up under him; the other got hold of the sling—and they was all right. But I don't ride the loads any more, not after seeing that."

It is those men, the connectors who perch on the tips of the upright columns, guide the beams into place, and slip in the temporary bolts, who, I suppose, have the most dangerous jobs of all. If signals go wrong, or if the wind catches the beam, they have nothing to hold to. They may be brushed off like flies.

On that same building in the Bronx I saw a sight I won't soon forget; yet I don't know that it was particularly unusual. It was not so very high—seven or eight stories up, I should say. A connector was perched on the top of a column, his legs wrapped around it, his arms outstretched to catch and steady the approaching beam. As it swung nearer him, there was a jerk. The beam gave a lurch. It did not sink down as he expected. Relentlessly it was swinging straight for him.

Keeping his arms outspread to preserve his balance, this man rose to his feet. He was standing on the top of the column, a space perhaps eighteen inches square. He let the beam catch him amidships. Then he put his arms over it, resting on his chest and taking a grip on the lower edge with his rubber-soled feet. It didn't tip. That was the desperate chance he took. Slowly it swung back, began to settle. He got off, back on the column, and went on with his job of fitting it into the channel.

IT was the one thing that could have saved him. Only a brain calm, cool, and unafraid could have thought of it. Yet it is that very imperviousness to fear that is one of the ironworker's greatest liabilities.

"They get so used to it they forget there is any danger," explained an official at the Structural Steel Board of Trade. "We had a case of a man who was standing on the very edge of a beam where it was temporarily bolted to the column. About twenty floors up. Absolutely nothing for him to steady himself with, of course. He saw a bolt in the column right under him, down a couple of feet, that needed driving in. He just leaned over and swung his maul at it. Well—the weight of the maul naturally carried him off his balance and shot him clear across Fifth Avenue. He just hadn't thought, that was all."

He told me of another case of a man just not thinking. This happened on one of the gigantic towers that support the Hudson River bridge. The tower had been completed, but at the very top was a sort of steel frame which protruded out over the roadway far below. It was a temporary support made of two steel beams extending out at right angles from the tower and a crossbeam connecting them at the ends. It had been used to support hoisting apparatus, I believe, during the erection of the tower. It was, of course, securely riveted to the structure.

A man was sent up with a blowtorch to take it down. He was an experienced man. An old-timer. Fear was not in him—or caution, unfortunately. He crawled out along one of the beams to the end and applied his torch to the joint which held the crossbeam. He loosened it, so that it would fall when the other end was free. Then, instead of going back to the tower and out along the other solid beam, he actually started over the severed crossbeam! Of course it gave way. He hurtled down to the roadway below and was killed. Just a tragic, incredible instance of sawing the limb between yourself and the tree.

THEY don't think. But how can they? Wouldn't they be lost if they did? I saw a man start across a beam that I am sure was no more than six inches wide. It was up about twenty-five stories. I was watching him, fascinated. I saw him stop. I gasped. He knelt down on that narrow strip of steel with nothing on either side of him, nothing below him—and calmly tied his shoe string! Then he straightened up and went on across. Could he have done it if he'd been thinking what I was thinking? And yet, it was the thing to do. There was real danger of his being tripped by the string.

"Yeah, you get careless, I guess," one of the men said to me. "I was walkin' across a plank laid over an elevator shaft and I saw some girls across the alley lookin' at me. I waved at 'em, and next thing I was bumpin' down the sides of that elevator shaft like a hunk of rubber. It didn't hurt me much—sprained my ankles. But it taught me a lesson."

I don't know that Charlie Garretson's plunge of sixty-five feet was due to carelessness, but I suspect so—though not to his own. In any case, it was one of the most remarkable stories of any that have been told to me by these unassuming, steel-nerved "sky boys." And, mind you, it was Charlie Garretson himself who told it to me—after falling sixty-five feet.

"I was rigging a derrick, and was standing on a plank that had been stuck through the iron latticework a few feet under the tackle block. As I reached up—the plank turned over.

"I tried to grab the block, but I missed it," he said. "And I started down headfirst. I remember seeing a pile of gravel down below. Then I started to turn over. I don't know why. A man's head is heavier than the rest of him. Maybe it was the hammer and wrench in my pants. Anyway, I turned over kind of slow, and landed smack on that pile of gravel *sitting up*. I guess it had just been dumped there. Anyway, it was loose and I sunk in a foot or so. But it was a hell of a dive."

He had, among I don't know how many other things, fractured several ribs, broken both legs, and dislocated

She wouldn't—that's all!

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his shoulder. He was laid up nineteen weeks, ten of which he spent in the hospital.

And here he was in his working clothes again. Yes, it must be in the blood!

Perhaps if these men fear anything it is the wind. It may be a comparatively calm day on the street, but up among those naked beams, high above the surrounding buildings, the wind is often roaring and whistling so fiercely that the footing is treacherous. They will tell you how, if they've got to cross a space with nothing to hold to, they "lean against" the wind to keep their balance. Lean against it! The danger in that is that there may be a sudden gust—or, worse, a sudden slackening—and there is not much to be done then.

Sometimes the wind is so strong that the great booms of the derricks, weighing many tons, are swung back and forth so wildly that they cannot be controlled. Planks left on the upper floors must be lashed in place to prevent their being picked up and tossed a block or two by the wind. And eye accidents, which are too common at best, increase on windy days. A bit of concrete or a tiny chip of steel, driven by a strong wind, can cause a very serious injury. If the wind is too strong, or if it is raining or snowing, the men are not sent aloft.

One of the few casualties which occurred during the building of the Empire State was caused by the wind. A workman was carrying a plank along the edge of one of the upper floors. The wind struck the plank and it began to get away from him. To save himself he let go of the plank and fell flat on his stomach.

The plank went bounding down toward the street. It crashed on the extension at the twenty-first floor and was partially splintered. One of the big twisted splinters flew across Thirty-fourth Street and struck a woman, breaking her leg. The wound became infected and she died.

But of course that was a very exceptional kind of accident. The safety scaffolds and inclosed chutes and numerous other devices make it almost impossible for passers-by on the street to be injured.

The compensation which ironworkers receive for injuries they sustain is pretty rigidly set by law. If they are hurt, whether patently through their own carelessness or not, they are entitled to damages. Only if it is proved that a man was drunk, or that he willfully injured himself or another workman, can he be deprived of a settlement. The damages are based on the seriousness of the injury. Most of the cases are settled promptly and out of court.

The pay these men receive at present is approximately seventy-seven dollars a week for the full five-day week.

I CANNOT mention the name of the building where my own adventure "up there" occurred. Nor can I mention the name of the man who made it possible.

He did it as a friendly act. But of course he was breaking the rules.

I had said that I wanted to go aloft myself, and that I was sure I'd have the nerve to go up the ladders, sit on the beams, and even walk across from one column to another. Mike said I might get a permit from the office; but I knew this particular company was strict about that kind of thing.

He thought a moment.

"All right," he said. "You get here about eight thirty tomorrow morning, and just walk in that shanty there. Just don't say nothing to anybody, but walk inside, peel off your clothes, and put on the ones you'll find there. Hang your own clothes on a hook and meet me over by that stack of beams there."

He gave me an appraising look. "And don't bother to shave, and rub some dirt on your hands after you get your clothes changed."

"How about the watchman at the gate?" I asked. "Will he let me in?"

"Sure; I'll fix it." He scribbled on a piece of paper. "If he says anything, just give him that."

It was as though I had left a strange world when I walked out from that shadowy place under the towering spires of steel and stepped into the street. It was a clear, bright, sunshiny day. People, laughing and talking casually, passed me. And all at once I realized the folly of what I was proposing to do.

I glanced back at the building. The vast black hulk, limned against the fresh sky, seemed more forbidding than ever before. Wisps of white smoke were floating among the topmost girders.

"I must have been dreaming," I thought. "I can't go up there!"

I wouldn't go back. I'd risk the disdain of Mike. I need never see him again. And yet—

Through the rest of the day and all that night, I first made up my mind definitely I wouldn't go back. Then some crazy pride got in its work, and I decided just as firmly that I'd see it through. When I finally woke after a fretful sleep, I still didn't know whether I was going back or not.

WHEN I finished my breakfast I still didn't know. But at eight o'clock I found myself in the subway.

There was a heavy black sweater in the locker in the shanty, a pair of khaki overalls, a greasy cap, some gloves, and some thick-soled rubbers. It was not a wet day. I knew what those rubbers were for—to give me a better foothold on those beams high above me. My hands were shaking, I'm ashamed to say, as I pulled them on.

I felt a little easier in my mind when I spied Mike sitting on the pile of girders placidly smoking his pipe.

"Feelin' O. K.?" he asked when he saw me.

I nodded and we went into the building.

Already the powerful engines were throbbing. The clang of iron hammers on iron beams rang steadily and deafeningly. And from outside came the inevitable yell, the password of the ironworkers' fraternity:

"Hey! *Watch it!*"

We got into one of the wabbly little temporary wooden elevators. It was splattered, coated with plaster. And now I was on my way—up.

This elevator only went to the tenth or twelfth floor; and there we got out, walked across to another one just like it, and on up we went.

The shaft was completely inclosed. I couldn't tell how many floors we were passing. But as the jerk, jerk, jerk, up, up, up, continued, I knew we were getting pretty high.

The lift stopped. We stepped out. Yes, we were up high. They were pouring the concrete in the wooden frames on this floor. Through the sides of the building I got a sudden glimpse of the world outside. Bright and blue.

It seemed very far away. And very desirable. In the distance and below I recognized the burnished dome of a building I had always considered a lofty one.

"We'll have to walk from here up," said Mike. "Now you'll see why the boys like to ride the ball."

He started up an iron ladder which was resting on the girder of the floor above. It swayed a little under our weight and it seemed almost perpendicular to me. But that was the first one. We went up five or six of these. And it seemed that the breeze grew stronger, fresher, with every floor.

We were up where the riveters were at work. It was a machine-gun battle. There would be a lone *at-at-at-at-br-r-r-r-up!* stopping suddenly. Then another would start. And another. Then it seemed as if the racket with them all going at once struck my face with physical force. Riveting machines are bad enough at any time; but here in this shell of resounding steel there was something overwhelming and terrifying about them.

Again I looked through the black columns. My throat caught. In the distance and far down I saw a little ribbon which was the East River. Beyond were the roofs of Brooklyn. And again we were pulling our way up another of those steep iron ladders. I looked down, just to test myself, as I clung to the sides of the ladder. It was like looking into a well of black iron frames. And in the gloom the glowing rivets were crisscrossing like rockets. Another ladder. And another. We were up now at last on the erection floor, the top of the building. It was planked over. Though there was nothing above us but sky, it was a relief to walk across it. You couldn't fall through those planks, anyway.

We walked over to the western edge. There I saw the "connectors" close up. Two columns reared themselves still higher toward the sky. A man sat on each one. They were looking down as the quivering cable came up, up, with the beam they were waiting to set.

Mike put his mouth close to my ear and yelled: "There's a guy ridin' the load up. Come here." He walked to the very edge of the planks and stepped down on the girder and pointed down.

I tried to go near enough to the edge to look down. And did get within a few inches of it. I pretended to look down. When Mike turned back to face me I nodded and grinned.

Then we went over to the far corner, more or less sheltered from the crew on the columns. There a girder extended diagonally away from the corner and fitted into a column which continued up for another floor.

"All right!" yelled Mike. "Still O.K.?"

I nodded.

"This here's a good one to walk. Wide as a sidewalk."

It must have been a twelve-inch beam. It looked about four to me.

"I'll go first. You'll see. Nothin' to it!" shouted Mike in my ear.

And he walked across to the column. He turned, leaned against the upright, and lit his pipe. Then he came back.

"Still O. K.?" he yelled.

I shut my lips tight and nodded.

I walked to where the beam was riveted to the column of the floor on which we were. I remembered Mike's admonition: "Don't look at your feet."

I fixed my eyes on the column opposite. I told myself there was nothing to it, so long as I kept my eyes on that column. I moved my foot to the beam.

"Just a second," came Mike's voice from behind me. "Pull your sweater down. You might hit it with your arms. I'll fix it."

I felt him adjust the sweater snugly and flatly around my hips. "O. K.!" he bawled. *"An' remember—don't look at your feet!"*

Again I glued my eyes to that column.

I had been afraid my knees would shake; but they didn't. I felt amazingly calm—still—inside. I stepped out on the beam. It wasn't so narrow, after all. Eyes on that column, I thought. And, keeping my feet flat and almost sliding along the beam, I found myself moving ahead.

At about the halfway point the trivial but paralyzing thought crossed my mind: "Suppose my hat should blow off!"

Then I remembered that I wore a heavy cap jammed down to my ears. I felt my trousers flapping against my knees in the wind.

And the only other sensation I can remember was one of incredible loneliness.

THEN I had my hand on that precious haven, the column opposite. I had done it! I looked back at Mike. He was grinning. He pointed at my waist. I looked down. To my astonishment I saw that it was encircled by a tough, flexible, blackened rope. Mike had kept hold of the other end, and had taken a turn with it around the column beside him. The dirty dog! I hadn't taken any real chance, after all.

If I had fallen, the worst that could have happened would have been that I'd have swung down to the floor below, been held securely there by the rope, and eased down to a safe footing by Mike.

I laughed, and walked back across with no sense of fear at all.

But when I finally got back into my own clothes and out on the street, nothing ever felt so glorious as the touch of that wide, flat, solid sidewalk under my feet.

Another article in this series on Reckless Lives by Mr. Thomas will appear in an early issue.

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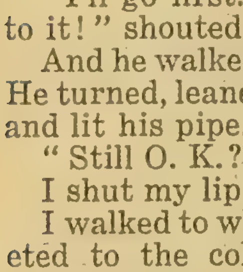
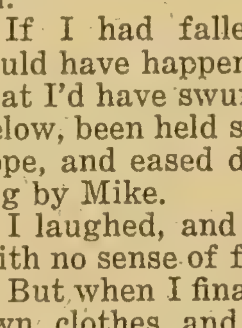
Couldn't Cry



AT the end of a strenuous day of play, just about bedtime, Bobby was acting naughty. As I hesitated a second about punishing him, he looked at me pleadingly and said:

"Mother, please don't spank me. I'm just too tired to cry."—Mrs Ellis Saunders, 210 W. 67th Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Modern Youth



ONE day Aunt May brought Rosalie a drawing book and a box of crayons. Rosalie, all excitement, opened the box of gayly colored crayons.

"Oh, mummy!" she cried. "Look at all the lipsticks!"—Mrs. Jeanette Ditto Bauer, 40 Stuyvesant Street, New York, N. Y.

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—In 1814.

2—Woodrow Wilson, in 1913.

3—A Tyrolese patriot.

4—A hypothetical line approximating the 180th meridian fixed by international agreement as the place where each calendar day *first* begins.

5—Probably in China.

6—In 1862.

7—From the Swedish botanist Dahl.

8—The offspring of one white and one black parent.

9—The offspring of a mulatto and a white person.

10—Cairo, Egypt.

11—Rhode Island.

12—In German, *lager* means bed, and the beer was formerly stored (put to bed) for some time before being used.

13—The year 5693.

14—The French words, *Répondez, s'il vous plait,* meaning Answer, if you please.

15—Remote goal or end.

16—Performs on a tight or slack rope.

17—In 1790.

18—Il Trovatore.

19—The ears of the latter are much larger.

20—Constructed of thin leaves or plates, one on the other.

Answer 9, August 27, stated that the duckbill is the only mammal which lays eggs. The answer should have included the echidna or porcupine anteater.

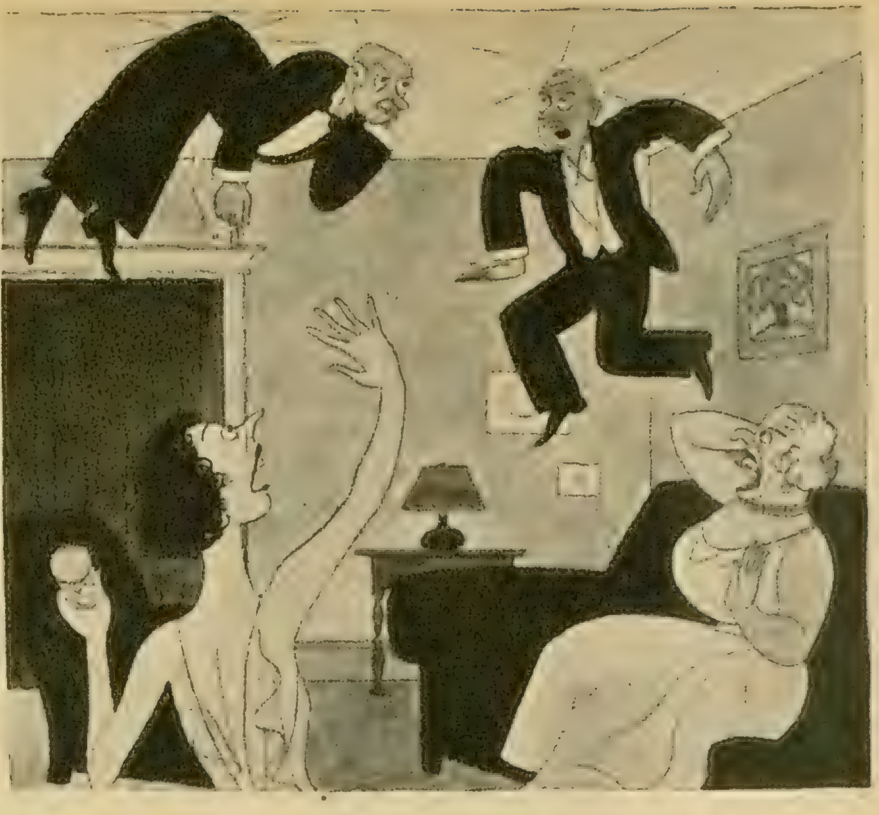
What Are Little Boys Made Of?

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Picture by ADAM JOHN BARTH

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)



Under the right conditions we might float off our chairs and bounce against the ceiling.

DID you know that you have enough resin in your system to rub up a hundred violin A strings? Or enough linoleum to carpet two medium-sized rooms (without bath)? You were probably not aware of these valuable properties lying dormant in your physical make-up, and yet scientists tell us that they are there.

As you all were taught in school, our body is made up of millions and millions of tiny particles called the Solar System. These tiny particles are called "æons," and it would take one of them fifteen billion years to reach the sun if it ever broke loose and *wanted* to get to the sun.

Well, anyway, these millions and millions of tiny particles are composed of hydrogen, oxygen, iodine, phosphorus, Rhode Island, Connecticut. There is also a blue-plate dinner for those who don't like iodine. The action of all these elements sets up a ferment (C_2HN_4, or common table pepper) which sometimes ends in digestion but more often does not. If any one of these agents is lacking in our make-up, due to our having dressed in a hurry, we say we are "deficient," or perhaps we "feel awful." Even with everything working I don't feel so hot.

It is only recently that doctors have discovered that we have many more elements in our systems than was originally thought. Whether we have always had them and just didn't know it, or whether they were brought there and left by some people who wanted to get rid of them has not been decided.

They tell us that the average 150-pound body (and a very pretty way to phrase it, too) contains enough carbon alone to make 9,000 lead pencils (not one of them ever sharpened, probably).

Another item which the doctors tell us we have in abundance is hydrogen—"enough in excess," they put it, "to fill about a hundred child's balloons." There's a pretty picture for you! As if we didn't have troubles enough as it is, we must go about with the consciousness that we have the makings of one hundred child's balloons inside us, and that under the right conditions we might float right off our chairs and bounce against the ceiling until pulled down by friends!

Thinking of ourselves in terms of balloons, lead pencils, whitewash (we have enough lime in us to whitewash a chicken coop, says one expert), and matches (we are fools to bother with those little paper books of matches, for we are carrying around enough phosphorus to make 2,200 match heads), all this rather makes a mockery of dressing up in evening clothes or brushing our hair. We might just as well get a good big truck and pile ourselves into it in the raw whenever we want to go anywhere, with perhaps some good burlap bags to keep the rain off. There is no sense in trying to look nice when all that is needed is a sandwich-board sign reading: "Anything on this counter—15 cents."

And that is the ultimate insult that these inventory hounds have offered us: they tell us just how much all this truck of which we are made is worth in dollars and cents. They didn't have to do that. Put all our bones, brains, muscles, nerves, and everything that goes into the composition of our bodies on to scales and, at the current market prices, the whole lot would bring just a little over a dollar. This is on the hoof, mind you. If we wanted to tie each element up in little packages with Japanese paper and ribbon, or if we went to the trouble to weather them up a bit and call them antiques, we might be able to ask a little more.

For example, the average body, such as might meet another body comin' through the rye, contains only about one tenth of a drop of tincture of iodine at any one time, and one tenth of a drop would hardly be worth the dropper to pick it up for the retail trade. And yet, if *we* don't have that tenth of a drop something happens to our thyroid gland and we sit around the village grocery store all day saying "Nya-ya!" Or to our pituitary gland and we end up wearing a red coat in a circus, billed as Walter, the Cardiff Behemoth: Twice the Size of an Ordinary Man and Only Half as Bright.

I DON'T see why scientists couldn't have let us alone and not told us about this. There was a day when I could bounce out of bed with the lark (I sometimes let the lark get out first, just to shut the window and turn on the heat, but I wasn't far behind), plunge into a cold tub (with just a dash of warm to take off the chill), eat a hearty breakfast, and be off to work with a light heart.

But now I get out of bed very carefully, if at all, thinking of those 9,000 lead pencils which are inside me. Too much water seems to be a risk, with all that iron lying around loose. Exercise is out of the question when you consider 2,200 match heads which might jolt up against each other and start a very pretty blaze before you were halfway to work.

Suppose that we *are* as full of knickknacks as the doctors say. Why not let the whole matter drop and just forget about it? Now that they have put the thing into our heads, the only way to get it out is for some expert to issue a statement saying that everyone has been mistaken and that what we really are made of is a solid mechanism of unrustable cast iron and if anything goes wrong, just have a man come up from the garage and look it over.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

Some New Aids to Better Living

By DR. SEUSS

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FOR THE DUTCH UNCLE-LESS

" The greatest cure for immorality," says Justus Hoogvliedt, " is to get somebody to talk to you like a Dutch Uncle. Dutch Uncles being scarce in America, however, I have come to the rescue by organizing the Wilhelmina Dutch Uncle Service. Whatever your vice, our proxy Uncles can talk it out of you at sixty cents an hour."

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MECHANICAL MORALITY

" Men *can* be stopped from flirting with women," declares J. Slagminster, the Cincinnati reformer. " All they need is the proper moral dissuasion. I propose to install an Incriminating Glance Machine on every corner. When a chap feels himself slipping, he simply drops a nickel in the slot, and a stern pair of eyes scares the baser instincts right out of his system."

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HANDMADE D.T.s

" A young tippler properly scared will leave the bottle alone," says Angus Lipschutz. " As president of the Artificial Tremens Corporation of America, I have developed the most impressive little squadron of optical jitters imaginable. When I learn of a chap who's taking to drink, I scare him right off the stuff by handing him a squint at his future. "

LARUE shrugged, he turned up his palms. "Your patriotism rebels; it won't permit you to hear unpleasant truths."

BEYOND CONTROL

The Audacious Pursuit—Taking a Desperate Chance—Death Flies an Inch Behind—Smugglers' Luck—Larue Confesses

(Reading time: 31 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Casey Haddon, stranger to fear.

Casey and Cadence Drew, during a wild adventure in Newfoundland, learned what love meant. Cadence was the fiancée of Georges Larue and Casey was his pilot. When Cadence delayed in declaring their position to Larue, Casey became passionately brutal. Later, Casey learned some startling facts: Cadence was flying with Larue from Newfoundland to New York in a plane loaded with contraband lace. Larue was a smuggler. Arrest awaited them. Casey and an airman, Lucas, decided to stop them.

PART NINE—CASEY'S EXPLOIT

CASEY took the stairs three steps at a time, he stopped at the desk only long enough to fling some money at the cashier, then he bounded down the marble staircase and hurled himself out through the street door. In no time he and Lucas were on their way at top speed toward Quidi Vidi Lake. Every minute counted, for the City of Winnipeg was scudding westward at a hundred miles an hour and the sealing-plane's tanks were low, her motor was stone cold.

"What course will they take?" Lucas inquired as they tore out of the city.

"God knows! I figure Larue will stick to the land, with wheels under him. He'll probably head for Port-aux-Basques, then cut across to Cape North. That's what I'd do."

"Sure! With a woman aboard. When did they hop off?"

Casey consulted his watch. "About twenty minutes ago."

"We'll never make it."

"We've got to make it. Are you game to hop straight for Cape North? That'll give us an edge."

"It's oke with me. We'll have floats under us and there's a week's grub aboard."

"Great! How about a little drink?"

Lucas shook his head. "I'm not man enough. I don't see how you can fly on that stuff."

By
REX BEACH

Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

"It's a secret I learned in France." Haddon tipped the bottle to his lips.

The seaplane was moored to her buoy; her motor and her cockpits were covered; it took time to strip her and to fill her oil and gasoline tanks. The men worked like demons, but it seemed an age before Casey could bend his back to the crank.

There is no period of keener suspense to a flyer than the instant preceding contact, no sound more welcome than the first irregular explosions of his motor. Intently both men listened as those explosions grew smoother, swifter. As the motor fanned, Casey flung his little hand bag into the after cockpit and stowed it away amid the miscellaneous gear that Lucas carried. There was rope, food, a revolver, a life preserver, and what not in the compartment.

No sense of carrying any useless weight; he dug the hand bag out, removed the unopened bottle which Lucas had brought him, thrust it into the pocket of his leather coat, and tossed the bag into the lake. There still remained a gill of brandy in his other bottle; he drained it, then aimed the bottle at the valise.

Georges wouldn't crowd the Winnipeg, but at that she'd snore along at a hundred miles an hour. It was a one-to-ten chance, beating her to Cape North, intercepting her on the short leg of the triangle. She wouldn't stop to refuel at Sydney.

Casey felt like a marksman faced with a long quartering shot with but one shell in his gun.

Lucas raised his hand, and his passenger nodded, the motor belched forth a deafening blast of sound, the ship moved. Down the lake she sped, her pontoons cut the glassy surface like knives, the hills flung back a hundred echoes.

As she hurtled over the city Haddon checked his watch with the clock dial. Seven minutes past four. God, how the time had flown!

HE found a map and studied it; with the stump of a pencil he figured. If this crate could really knock off a hundred and forty, the thing could be accomplished. Lucas was climbing, he was heading west by south, and already his prop was on Cape North. Good! That meant he'd ignore caution and shoot her like a rocket.

Almost before the motor was hot the plane had crossed the head of Conception Bay and was rushing over a region of many lakes and ponds through which the narrow-gauged railroad twisted like a thin black thread. A half hour and magnificent Placentia Bay lay ahead and forty miles beyond it the iron heights of Burin Peninsula, a massive arm outflung as if to shield the island against the onslaughts of North Atlantic storms. Once that was hurdled the ship would have open water under her clear to the northern tip of Cape Breton Island, clear to the Gulf. Thank heaven, visibility was good.

Out of some sober portion of Haddon's brain crept the realization that it was lucky he had been pleasantly jingled when Walter Ennis came to his room, otherwise he never would have snatched at this forlorn hope. He had knocked the reporter out, expecting to ride herd on him all night, to hold him incommunicado until the Winnipeg could reach New York—a desperate expedient—but, as always, brandy lifted him to reckless heights, freed him of indecision, destroyed his inhibitions. And Lucas' timely arrival had suggested a better, surer plan. The profound depression Casey had suffered ever since the day before became less; he began to think ahead as well as backward.

That scene with Cadence had hurt him savagely, but more painful still was the realization that he had shown himself to her as a beast. She'd never forget his words or his actions. He owed her an apology and any service he could render, regardless of whether she honestly cared for him or not.

Something assured him, against all reason, that she *did* care. When he recalled the hours they had spent together—and they were a never-ceasing poignant torture—he swore that her kisses were sincere. She was no Daphne, incapable of passion. He would have bet his life that Georges Larue had never stirred her to such depths as he. Oddly enough, he felt no anger toward her; for the moment all his resentment was centered upon the man who had involved her in this criminal enterprise. Georges should have known that he would bring ruin, disgrace, and worse to her. Well, the avalanche had started. The Winnipeg must never reach American soil.

It would not be so easy to stop her, however, as he began to realize. He had made himself Georges' enemy as well as hers, and now that they had their contraband aboard they certainly would not land it unless forced to do so. Under no circumstances would they land it upon foreign soil. If he tried to wave them down they would only fly the faster. Here was a problem.

The fire within him needed fuel. With a pocket corkscrew he opened his remaining bottle and took a swallow.

There were no headphones on Lucas' ship, hence conversation was impossible. Miquelon lay off the port quarter when the helmsman signaled his passenger to take the controls and fell to work with pencil and pad. He looked back after a while and shrugged. Plainly he was doubtful about overhauling the Fokker.

AN hour wore past, the plane hurled herself steadily forward like a projectile. Along the surface of the sea a blinding pathway of silver led to the west. Another hour. Far to port the coast of Cape Breton Island came into view, but the ship roared on. Haddon was searching the horizon now, for he knew that he would be the first to pick up the other plane. His vision was telescopic and in France he had always detected enemy ships not seconds but often minutes before they became visible to the other members of his squadron, and by the time they were specks to his companions he had been able to identify their type. His sight, it had been claimed, equaled that of Bishop, the ace of Canadian aces and the deadliest of all combat flyers.

They were drawing abreast of Cape North when he attracted Lucas' attention and vigorously waved him upward. The younger man obeyed; the ship rose steeply to eight, ten, twelve thousand feet, and still no smallest speck appeared. Casey took the stick and climbed to fifteen thousand, altered her course, and slowed the motor to easy cruising speed.

He pointed then, and suddenly far away and far below Lucas caught a tiny metallic flash like a mote in a ray of sunlight. That was seeing 'em! But what on earth possessed Haddon to seek an altitude like this? he asked himself. Did he plan to remain invisible? Why? Apparently the fellow planned precisely that, for he maneuvered the seaplane until it soared two miles above and a mile behind the larger ship.

Lucas hitched himself around in his seat to discover that his companion had the stick between his knees and was removing something from the compartment at his back. A while, then a note was passed forward which read:

"Must go aboard. Take over while I knot rope."

Hastily the younger man scribbled: "Impossible! You're crazy."

Casey cut the ignition, put the plane into a glide, and above the rushing wind shouted:

"Larue won't stop for me, and I don't dare shoot him down."

"How the hell—"

"I've done it before. It's a cinch!" Casey held up a coil of thin manila rope.

Again the motor bellowed, the ship leveled off, the younger pilot took it over.

Casey found it slow work knotting that rope, for it was new and stiff; when he had completed the job to his satisfaction he wrote a second message, more carefully this time.

"It's life or death. No kidding. Explain later. That ship duplicate of Blue Bird. Hatchway on top. I know what I'm doing. Give me the controls, then take them over when I wiggle stick. Hold steady for exactly ten minutes and I'll see you in Sydney. Otherwise meet you in hell. Love and kisses."

Lucas read. He turned a strained, apprehensive face over his shoulder, but the older man grinned, he nodded vigorously, he brandished the coil of rope. After an exchange of pantomime the Newfoundlander shrugged, released the stick.

Haddon promptly put the seaplane on her nose and dove at the City of Winnipeg, two miles below; he pulled out almost on the Fokker's tail and in her blind spot. When the two ships were riding one above the other at a distance to suit him he signaled and, feeling Lucas' hand on the stick, he rose and climbed out of his seat. The wind flattened his clothing against his body, it glued the fabric to his limbs, and caused the loose flesh at the back of his arms and legs to flutter; by the time he had worked himself overside and down to the starboard float the savage force of the slip stream had blinded him with wind tears; it was cold; it shook and worried him. His hands were numb.

Below and almost stationary floated the broad back of the Winnipeg, cruising serenely onward, completely drowning with the noise of its triple motors the sound of its pursuer. Lucas was a good kid, Casey assured himself. He knew his groceries. He was holding his plane as steady as a soaring hawk, and it hung over the very spine of the Fokker.

Casey made fast one end of his rope and passed the coil between his legs. To move at all in this hurricane was an effort; the wind was like a wall against which he had to brace himself with all his strength.

Three thousand feet of empty space yawned beneath him when he let himself down and allowed the rope to pass through his hands. Knot by knot he lowered himself, maintaining a desperate grip in his fingers and between his legs as well. He was a pendulum now and the streaming gale swung him back to the oblique; the force of it spun him slowly; he descended a foot at a time in sickening twists and uncertain spirals. The longer that pendulum became the wider it swung, the more uncertain were its gyrations.

Ten minutes! The time must be up. What if Lucas failed to watch his clock? What if the strain told on him and he snapped up?

The fuselage of the Fokker was close below now; there was a temptation to let go and drop. Casey's toes touched it finally, his legs bent, then the rope lifted him and again he dangled.

He felt the deck a second time and went to his knees. He flattened himself and seized the hatch coaming, then at the next pull he kicked himself free of the rope. He was in the slip stream of the Fokker's props now, and it whipped him like a rag, it threatened to tear the buttons from his clothes and strip him naked.

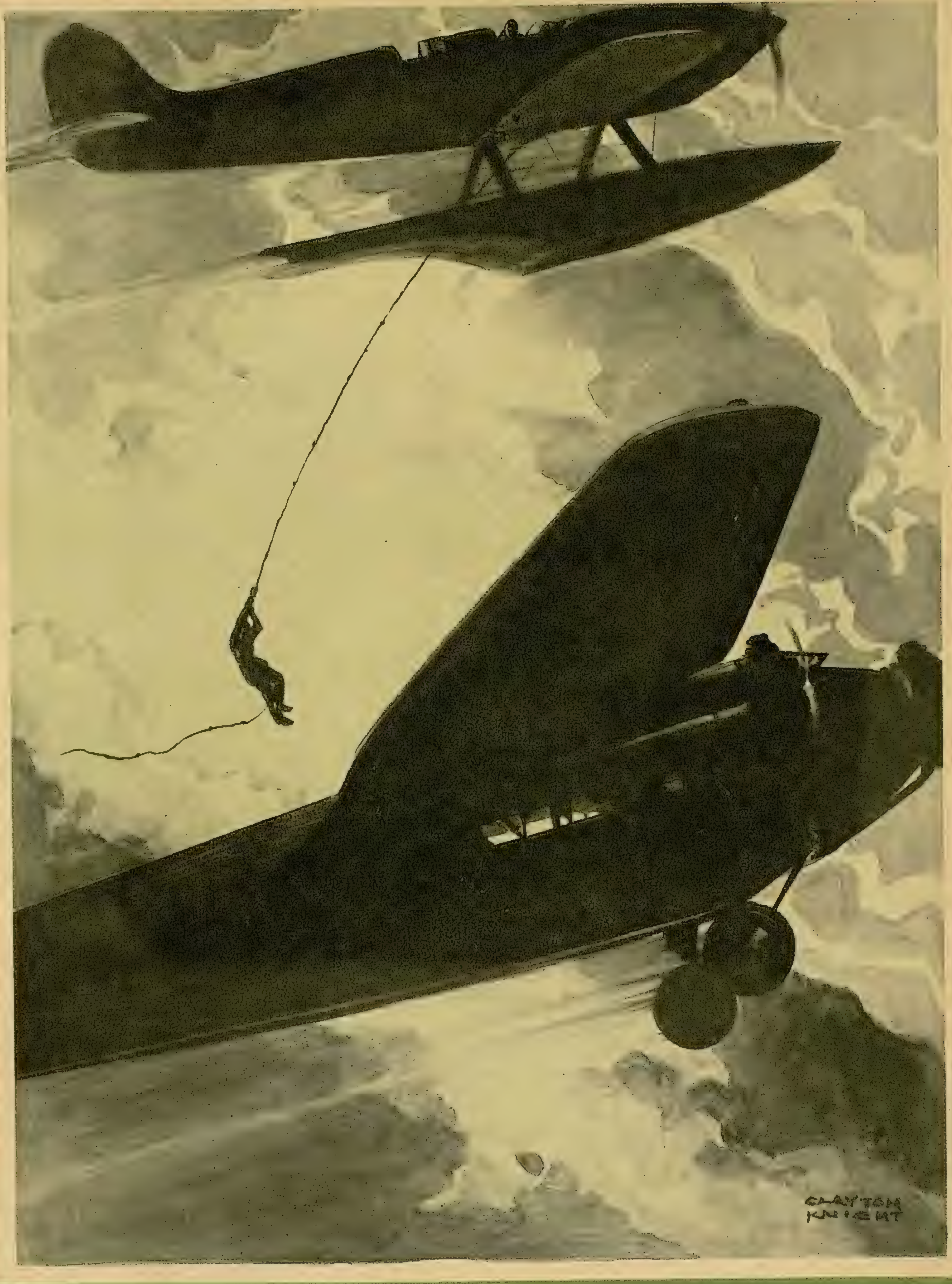
Overhead the spraddling floats of the seaplane were poised motionless; that rope was stretched taut behind them. Atta pilot, Lucas! He'd do to take along.

After a while the smaller ship nosed up a foot at a time and slowly dropped astern until Lucas, straining out of his seat, could see his erstwhile passenger glued to the hatch cover. At the welcome sight he flung his arm aloft, rolled into a bank, and wheeled away.

Haddon drew his knees under him and strained at the trapdoor.

II

THE power plant of the Winnipeg was functioning perfectly; none of the motors had even fluttered since it took the air. Larue handled the ship nicely and the flight from Harbor Grace had been uneventful. Three hours or more of monotonous din had put Cadence Drew into a



Knot by knot he lowered himself, maintaining a desperate grip in his fingers and between his legs. He was a pendulum now and the streaming gale swung him back to the oblique; he descended a foot at a time in sickening twists and uncertain spirals.

lethargy, and through drowsy eyes she gazed out across the rolling fields and woodlands of Cape Breton Island. An unfamiliar movement of some sort at the rear of the cabin caused her to turn, whereupon she clutched at the arm of her wicker chair and uttered a cry. The sound of her voice was lost in the clangor, but her start attracted Georges Larue's attention, and he, too, looked over his shoulder. His eyes widened, his jaw relaxed, the ship flew herself.

Oblivious to the sensation his appearance created, Casey Haddon pushed past the two Devereaux boys and spoke to the helmsman. He bent forward and shouted into the latter's ear.

Dizzily Cadence reached out and touched him to satisfy herself that he was real.

From his bearing and his gestures it seemed that he proposed to take charge of the ship; when Jules and Tony crowded forward, gesticulating excitedly and hurling unintelligible questions at him, he thrust them aside and wrote a line which brought consternation to their faces. As it was passed to Georges, Cadence leaned forward and read:

"Federal authorities waiting Roosevelt Field."

Larue stared at the writing, he cast a fleeting glance at Haddon, then up at the two brothers. But they also were frozen. The ship was nosing up and losing speed now. Haddon shook him; directed him to pay attention to his duties.

What did that message mean? What was Casey doing here, and, above all, how had he arrived? Cadence plucked at his sleeve and screamed these questions, only to hear her own voice as a barely audible squeak. He interpreted her query correctly enough, however, to jerk his thumb at first one, then the other square gasoline tank, a gesture pregnant with meaning to the three men at least.

He shouted to Georges again, then fairly lifted him out of his seat and lowered himself into it. Having put the Fokker on an even keel he waited for some sign from the owner.

Cadence noticed now that the side pocket of his coat bulged and that the neck of a bottle protruded from it. She wondered if this were merely some fantastic, drunken exploit on his part, or if the information in that note were really true.

He paid no heed to her; he centered his attention wholly upon the ship and upon the three men, who had gone into a huddle. From his hostile eyes, the set of his jaw, it was evident that he rather expected trouble with them and was not averse to it.

But no trouble came. Larue, still deeply shaken and apparently at a loss how to meet the situation, stepped forward and exchanged words with him. Whatever it was that Haddon told him, he assented reluctantly, and the ship's course was altered; Cadence assumed that it was heading now for the Sydney landing field, which she well remembered.

TIME passed; the sun was setting as the Fokker crossed the mouth of Sydney harbor and headed not for the airdrome but in the direction of Glace Bay. When Cadence attracted the pilot's attention and pointed, he only looked at her out of unfriendly eyes.

Not far outside the drab mining town of Glace Bay is an inlet, or, more properly, a shallow lagoon, protected from the ocean by a long sand spit. Its outer rim, where the sea batters it, is gravelly, but its inner side is smooth and hard, and it is one of the few natural landing places on the entire Cape Breton coast. It is little used, and not since the Sydney field was cleared has a plane touched there; thanks to the twilight and to the fact that Casey cut his motors early, few people saw the Fokker slip in over the hills and settle to earth like a homing night bird.

The props were still fanning when he thrust his helmet back and turned to face his companions.

"Under the circumstances, I thought it better to chance a Chinese landing than to set you down on the regular field," said he.

"How did you get here? How did you get aboard?" Cadence demanded.

"Lucas flew me over. I borrowed a rope, and—"

"What do you mean by this high-handed procedure?" Jules Devereaux indignantly demanded. "It's an outrage! We're American citizens. This is Canada, and—"

"And how would you like another shot of Canada Dry?" Casey asked harshly. As he spoke he reached for the fire extinguisher, a duplicate of the one with which he had felled the navigator on their journey north.

"*Jules!*" Larue quieted the latter. "Are we under arrest, Casey? Are you an officer?"

The pilot showed his teeth in a wintry smile. "Don't get romantic. I'm compounding your felony."

"WHY should we be arrested?" This from Cadence again. "Why are the Federal authorities waiting at Roosevelt Field? Waiting for what?"

"*You're* asking *me?*" He ran a bleak gaze over her. "Walter Ennis has been working on you good people for months, and he's got you properly tagged. I should have known what you were up to, but my nurse dropped me when I was little. On my head! Ennis watched you load this lace last night, and he was about to wire the customs people in New York that you had actually taken off, when I persuaded him to give you a break. I left him locked in my bathroom, but I presume he has swallowed the towel by this time and the well known fat is in the fire."

There was a silence; he went on, "I was tight, and it seemed like a good idea at the time. Later I realized the thing had probably gone too far, and you'd be grabbed anyhow. Lucas blew in, and it occurred to me that his ship is fast and you'd probably fly a long route, so—here we are. Quite an inspiration, wasn't it? That's the beauty of good liquor. It used to work the same way in France." He met Cadence's eyes defiantly.

"I don't yet understand how you—actually got aboard—"

"Just an old circus trick. I used to pass the hat afterward, and sometimes I got as high as ten dollars. Lucas established contact and I came the blister route. You'll pardon me for dropping in uninvited, won't you? And just at mealtime, too! But don't set a place for me; I brought my lunch." He drew the bottle from his pocket. "'Tired nature's sweet restorer.' Soul of the foaming grape, 'pale as the moon and maddening as her light'! Have some? No? Then indulge me while I knit the 'ravell'd sleave of care.'" He drank deeply; in the same mocking tone he said to Larue, "Georges, there's a certain brand of liquor which you should make it a practice to carry on your trips: Old Smuggler."

"Quite appropriate!" Cadence agreed, with her eyes fixed upon Larue. "Well? Where do we go from here?"

Haddon flung open the cabin door.

"You damned thieves can suit yourselves," said he. "I'm going to a movie."

Georges leaped to the ground after him and said earnestly, "You can't go until you know everything."

"I know too much already. You're on your own now, and to hell with you! But I'd suggest you get Cadence out from under before the deadfall drops."

"Of course. We should never have brought her along. It was sporting of you to—"

"It was the least I could do. I'm not sure what the authorities here can do to you—this smuggling game is all new to me; but it will take time for the New York customs men to locate the ship. That will give you a chance to cover up." In the direction of Glace Bay the headlights of an automobile blinked through the gloom. "Here comes some first aid. Make believe you were forced down by darkness and were afraid to land a big ship in a small field. I know the Sydney drome; it's new and small. Get this fellow to run us into town."

"Thanks, Casey. You're a brick."

Haddon answered with an angry sound; he walked away and took no part in the conversation that occurred when the car arrived.

After explanations had been made, its owner volunteered to drive the travelers to Sydney, and his offer was accepted. Tony was left to watch the ship; the others climbed into the automobile.

Little was said during that ride, and when the party had registered at the principal Sydney hotel Casey again undertook to escape, but for a second time Larue stopped him.

He and Jules had something to say; he insisted that the other two hear it.

All were shown directly to his room, and as soon as the bell boy had left he addressed Cadence:

"Thank you for behaving so splendidly," he said to her. "It makes things a bit easier for me."

"Indeed? I'm curious to hear what you have to say." At her chilling tone Haddon raised his eyes, realizing that these were the first words she and Georges had exchanged since he cut the Winnipeg's motors.

He saw now that her eyes were glowing with a familiar fire. She was furious.

Georges was wretchedly ill at ease. He began nervously:

"Of course you're terribly upset—I mean this is a—painful shock to you."

"Yes. It *is* a surprise to learn that you'd risk involving *me* in your dirty work. How *dare* you?"

"I had to bring the ship. You insisted on—"

"*Oh-h!*" The girl flung herself into sudden motion. "What specimens you are, all of you. I—hate every man in the world. Smugglers! Thieves! Pretending to care. *Drunkards!*" With an effort she forced herself to avoid complete incoherence. "'Shock' is a pretty weak word to describe what I've suffered. I suspected what was aboard the ship, but I couldn't believe you'd take me along if it was true. And Casey swore he'd never make a beast of himself again. Bah! I'm—*sick!*"

"Cadence! Allow me—"

"I guessed what was going on long ago," the girl continued stormily. "Pretty Pet and I realized something was wrong with the lace business. We were being ruined, losing money month after month. That's why I took up flying. Common sense told me that some of the stuff at least was coming in by air, and it gave me a chance to go to the fields, meet the pilots, keep my eyes open. It looked suspicious when you bought the Blue Bird and announced that silly transatlantic flight. I never quite swallowed that. I found out more in St. Pierre. Do you think I hid away on the spur of the moment and flew alone to Newfoundland with you men? Scarcely! I had to make sure. I had to *know*, because I—I was rather fond of you, Georges. What fools we women make of ourselves."

SHE scorched Larue with her gaze, then let it settle upon Haddon. "What a success *that* trip turned out to be! A crack-up. Lost in the wilderness. Everything in the papers. And now—*this* situation. Well, I intended to turn you over to the police myself, if you must know." The speaker's voice broke. "I hope I never see another man. All I want is—is my gran." She turned her back, her shoulders heaved, but she tossed her head defiantly. "I'll never, *never* forgive you, Georges, for what you've done to her and me."

"Georges wouldn't hurt you or your grandmother for anything in the world," Jules told her quietly.

Larue's face was ghastly; he wet his lips and managed to say, "I—want you to believe that much, at least. The truth is, it never occurred to me that I was injuring you. I never gave it a thought. I love Pretty Pet; everything I have is hers and yours, or—I intended it to be. About bringing you home in the Winnipeg, that was unpardonable. But I didn't dream there was any danger."

"The fact still remains that you've bankrupted us."

In keen discomfiture he confessed, "I know what it is to be a criminal, but for the first time I appreciate what it is to *feel* like one."

"For heaven's sake, explain how we got into this thing," Devereaux implored him. "Let her hear our side."

"I'm afraid it's too difficult to explain," said Larue. "I doubt if anybody but a Frenchman could understand, and perhaps not many of them. Only a Frenchman from Alençon or Quesnay or Arras or—"

"Go ahead," Cadence said coldly. "I'd like to learn what has quickened your sensibilities. Those are the lace-making cities. You were born in Alençon. Well?"

"Jules was born there too; his father worked for mine. Our families have been connected with the lace business since the time of Louis the Fourteenth, who started lace making in France. Our people look on it more as an art than a trade or an industry. Yes, it's a long way removed from ordinary manufacturing. Why, it was an enthusiastic ancestor of mine who established, at her own expense, the first 'academy of design,' the first of those schools which raised French lace making to the level of real artistry.

"I'M not talking at random, really, and this is no lecture; I'm merely trying to lay the groundwork for an understanding of my reason, my excuse, for—for getting into this jam. It's rather difficult inasmuch as it's all a matter of sympathy, a point of view. Generations of my people directed the growth of the industry and promoted the welfare of the workers. They were patrons of the one and parents of the other. At times they prospered, and again they made heavy sacrifices; yes, and I have an idea they were guilty of offenses quite as serious as smuggling if and when they felt justified, so you see I'm only keeping faith with the traditions of the family.

"Well, I grew up in a community of lace makers. I played with the children; the old folks treated me like a son, and I love them.

"Changes came, as you're aware. The war, hard times, unemployment. But those simple people can't change, for they don't know how, and they were poorly paid before that. They suffered. You ask why I didn't share what I have with them. I did. I do. But what is one among so many? Furthermore, they respect themselves too much to accept charity, even from one whom they regard as a benefactor. All they ask is work. Europe was in straits, few people could afford to buy lace; America was the only market. Finally that was closed—by a ninety-per-cent duty.

"I smuggled, yes, but I'm the only smuggler who has consistently lost money at the nefarious trade. In my case crime has been an expensive business. Mind you, I had no scruples, and I'll tell you why." Larue hesitated; in a different tone he said, "I fear I shall give you offense now, for both of you are Americans and at heart I'm all French, but at least credit me with sincerity. When I took out my papers I expected to become a good, loyal citizen, but I couldn't. Loyalty is the offspring of love and respect. I found, after a while, that I could neither love America nor respect her, because I so heartily detest greed, hypocrisy, self-righteousness, and—and that's about all I encountered. I discovered that the country is overrun with racketeers and bandits; its laws are futile and it is ruled by grafters."

"That's not so!" Cadence declared angrily.

Haddon rose from his seat and said, "It's pretty close in here. I'm going to that movie."

Larue shrugged, he turned up his palms. "Your patriotism rebels; it won't permit you to hear unpleasant truths. I don't ask you to subscribe to my opinions but merely to—"

"I got through fighting for my country in '18; I'm not going to start again. It's not a bad country, at that; in fact, it's the best I ever saw."

"I'd like to explain, if I can, how it led me into my shocking life of crime."

"I understand. I'm plenty lawless myself and I dare say I'd have done the same, but—I promised to meet Lucas."

"Cadence, I'm sure, would prefer to have you—"

"Let him go, before the liquor stores close," the girl said hoarsely.

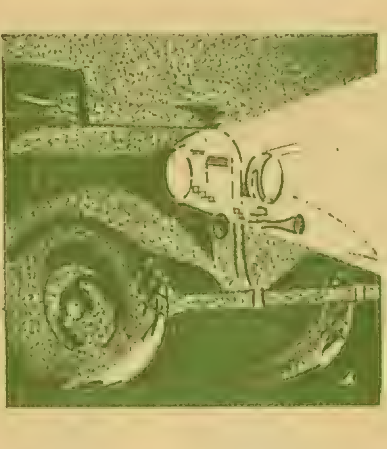
Casey grinned at her without taking offense.

"No fooling you, Charley Johnson! This thirst is all I brought back from that war to save our democratic institutions; it's dying out on me and I've got to build it up."

When he had gone, Larue said, "I'm sorry. I think he would have understood better than you."

"Even if things are as bad as you pretend, it's no excuse for you—"

"Pretend!" Larue broke in. "I'm telling you the sacred truth. Listen and see if I exaggerate. I import goods, and right away, in clearing them through the customs, I'm subjected to annoying and expensive formalities which only a tip, a bribe, will clear away. Ask any importer what official red tape costs him. I contribute to a hundred grafts and grafters, big and little, high and low, and so does every other business man. At the end of the year I pay my income tax. Another racket, this time with my adopted Uncle Sam on the receiving end! I'm honest with him—"



At Cadence's expression Georges asserted earnestly, "I mean it! Strange as it sounds, I'm scrupulously honest outside of my dealings in lace. Nevertheless the government always finds fault with my returns, and whenever necessary it lays down a new 'ruling,' invariably in its own favor. My Uncle nicks me just enough so I can't afford to fight. He extorts millions that way every year, and when a taxpayer appeals he must argue his case before a prejudiced court. What a travesty!

"Elsewhere it's the same. I pay state, county, and municipal taxes to find my neighbor is paying half what I do because he has 'seen' the proper somebody. Policemen are underpaid and must graft to live, judges buy their jobs, public officials are false to their duties, privilege and justice are for sale. Even your Cabinet members have been caught stealing! You enact law after law and then elect which ones you shall observe; your entire criminal and political clique preys openly on you, and you're too indifferent to protest. Naturally your legal machinery has broken down. How could it function? Your beer barons and their gorillas machine-gun children in the streets, and if they're caught you imprison them for evading their income taxes. The Treasury Department appropriates their illicit profits and goes into partnership with crime.

"IF Americans resented these outrages there would be some hope for them, but they're blandly complacent—in fact, they appear to derive a sadistic pleasure from abuse. The bilking tickles them. It's more than disgusting; it's obscene. However, if they traffic in vice why should they demand respect?"

Georges was boiling now, and he forestalled an interruption to his tirade by inquiring, "Did you ever read about the life of the ant? You should; it's so thoroughly, so horribly American. They're terrifically industrious and efficient little fellows, but they support an inconceivable number and variety of parasites—hideous, soft, misshapen monstrosities which caress them, gobble their food, and devour their young. And the ants like it. Those repulsive ogres are insatiable; they multiply so rapidly that finally they eat up their stupid hosts and devour each other.

"America is being sucked bloodless by parasites—bootleggers, gangsters, bandits, bankers, politicians. Organized charity is the latest racket. Millions of people unemployed! Hundreds of millions of dollars subscribed to feed them! And a part of that money is diverted to pay political debts! Party organizations are using that bread money to buy votes with which to elect more grafters pledged to exact higher tribute. Of course the classical example of American hypocrisy is prohibition. No tyrant ever conceived such a stupendous system of spoils. Bah! The whole system, the whole country, is—rotten."

"ARE you through, Georges?"

"No. Not quite. What I've said excuses nothing, but perhaps it explains my exercise of the constitutional right of every American to break the law he finds most oppressive. Mine happened to be an iniquitous tariff. Somebody had to sell that lace or my old friends would have starved. It represented more than their patient work: they had put their bodies and souls into it and their eyesight too. I smuggled it in and it went to the bootleggers' brides, the gangsters' girls, and the politicians' kept women. Jules will tell you that I lost money handling it, but with me it was a game, a defiant gesture, and I regret nothing except my stupidity in being caught. Thank God I kept those lace makers in black bread and cabbage soup for a while at least."

"He knew from the first it was an impractical undertaking," Devereaux now asserted. "We tried to argue and to reason with him—"

"Mind you, I'd do it all over again. If they jail me I'll smuggle again when I get out, as long as my friends are in distress, or as long as that accursed duty remains. Foolish, isn't it? Well, I come from a family of fools and it's rather nice to lower your visor and ride hell bent at a windmill, even if it knocks you over now and then. That's about all I have to say for myself, dear, except to repeat that I'd have cut my throat rather than injure you. Fanatics of my type don't think on both sides of a subject, I dare say; their eyes are too hot to see clearly. I shouldn't have brought you along on the Winnipeg either, but—I'm as weak as water where you're concerned. I thought only of having you at my side. You must get away from here at once, of course, and we must see to it that you're in nowise involved. I—That would be more than I could endure."

"Not much danger," the girl said indifferently. Moodily she gazed at Georges and his companion. "I was terribly hurt, and madder than a hornet, when I came in here; I didn't think you could soften my feelings in the slightest; but I'm let down. Your appraisal of American conditions, of course, had nothing to do with it; that's false and cynical and childish; I don't believe you're even sincere in it."

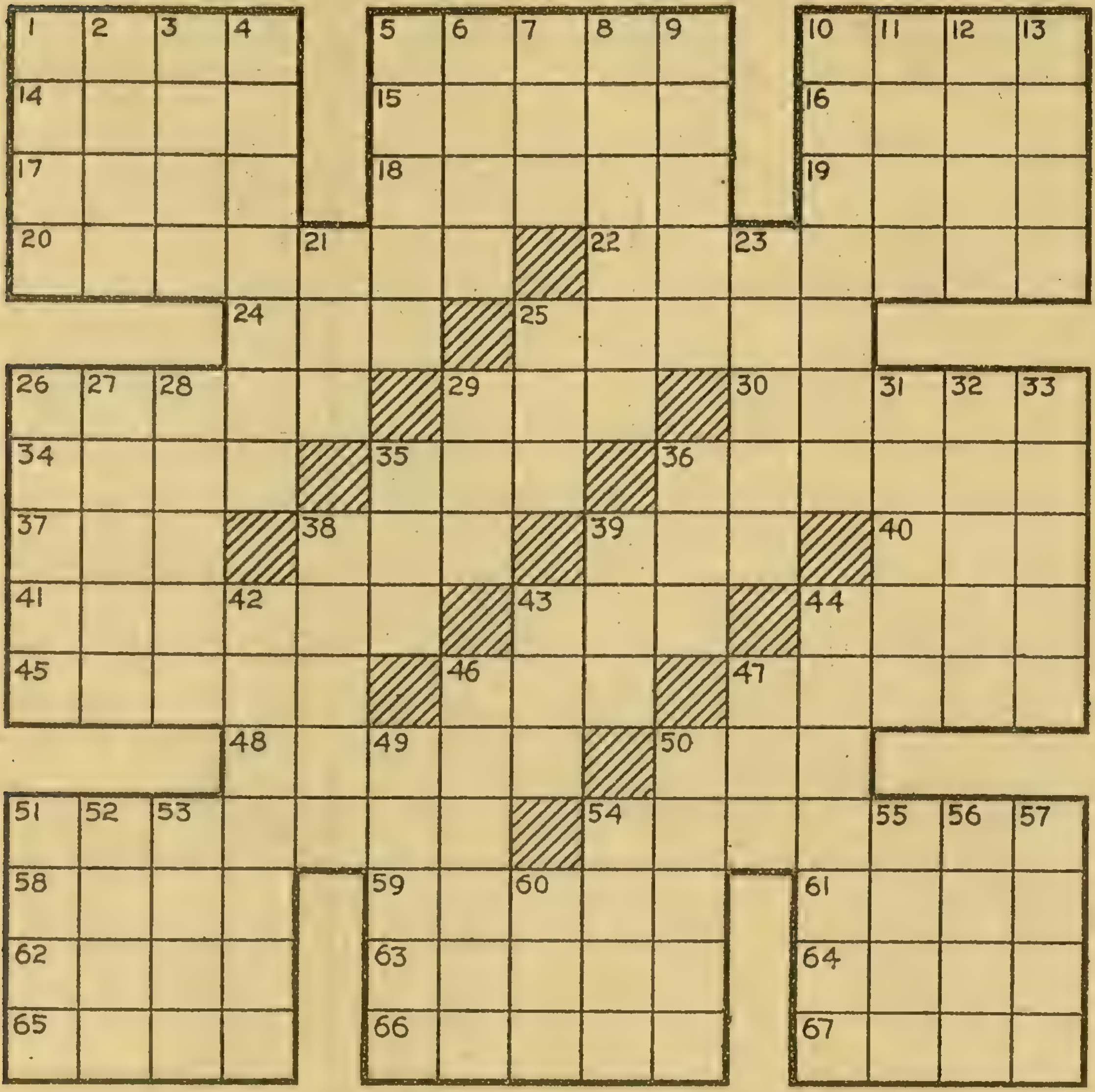
"Ah, but I am!"

"Then you mistake prickly heat for smallpox. The country isn't sick, there's nothing organically wrong—I think that's how a doctor would express it. Even if there were, it wouldn't justify your conduct, and you're not a doctor. You have no license to prescribe for private or public ills. Men like you only make matters worse. I set out to run down this crooked lace business, and when I convinced myself that you were the villain in the piece I nerved myself to go through to the bitter end. It was worse than taking poison. I wanted to quit and run away and cry it out, but I whipped myself on. Do you think it was easy to play the hypocrite and the spy? To take favors from you and accept your gifts? I felt like a skunk. I was lower than a snake in my own estimation. Oh, how miserable I was! Nevertheless I gave the ship full gun and clenched my teeth, waiting for the crash. But I can't turn you up, Georges. You're such a quixotic fool."

"Turn me up but don't give me up," he implored her. "I love you. I'm sick of America! I never want to see it again. Let me take you to France—"

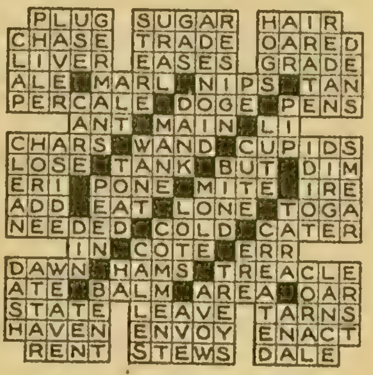
Will Cadence go to France with Larue? You'll learn what fate holds in store for her, and for the others in the story, in next week's concluding installment.

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 To fight or to box
5 A cutting instrument used in flensing a whale
10 The last cut of grain in the harvest (dial. Eng.)
14 A square of cloth
15 Purifies or refines, as metals
16 Melody for a single voice
17 Coins of an Asiatic kingdom
18 Relieves of strain
19 To break suddenly
20 A general statement that may be proved
22 Conquers
24 Grab
25 One of the Philippine Islands
26 A meat pie
29 A fish
30 Discourse elaborately
34 A flower
35 A she demon
36 Receivers of money
37 A support
38 Favorable attention
39 Placed
40 A fuel
41 Chronicles
43 An open-sand casting of metal
44 An eminence
45 Grating tools
46 A container
47 City in Germany
48 Native of a city in Italy
50 Surface capping of a body of ore



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 PLUG SUGAR HAIR 
CHASE TRADE OARED
LIVER EASES GRADE
ALE#MARL#NIPS#TAN
PERCALE#DOGE#PENS
   ANT#MAIN#LI   
CHARS#WAND#CUPIDS
LOSE#TANK#BUT#DIM
ERI#PONE#MITE#IRE
ADD#EAT#LONE#TOGA
NEEDED#COLD#CATER
   IN#COTE#ERR   
DAWN#HAMS#TREACLE
ATE#BALM#AREA#OAR
STATE LEAVE TARNS
HAVEN ENVOY ENACT
 RENT STEWS DALE 
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

51 Heels over
54 Equilibrium
58 Kiln
59 A lubricator
61 Rend
62 A German lyric
63 To form a single whole
64 Silkworms of an East Indian province
65 Subjoins
66 A natural kind or class
67 Word used in trigonometry

VERTICAL

1 To emit spawn
2 A way or road
3 Prefix denoting priority
4 To betake one's self for help
5 To soak in a liquid
6 A flat-bottomed boat used in Holland (var.)
7 Arboreal animal (plural)
8 Thought
9 Form of literary composition
10 Superiority or ascendancy
11 A sea eagle
12 Willful misrepresenter
13 Folds
21 Radiation
23 Animal of the weasel kind
25 Something inert
26 Hairy
27 Amphitheater
28 Ratifies by hand or seal
29 Vehicle
31 Shield or protection
32 Annoy
33 City in Germany
35 Possesses
36 A breed of dog
38 Woman's name
39 Fasten
42 Adds as an accessory; annexes
43 Cooking utensil
44 Revolves
46 A game at cards
47 Intimate associate
49 The front of a glacier
50 A Mohammedan sacred place
51 A genus of African sterculiaceous trees
52 Greedy
53 To cover with thatch
54 Foolish, stupid (Fr.)
55 Biblical name (Luke iii)
56 A son of Adam
57 Language of Scotch Highlanders
60 Ignited

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HIM"

© 1932, P. M. P. Corp.

YOU can raise a dog and keep him healthy and strong if you follow a few simple rules. For instance, *watch out for symptoms of worms.* Worms rob dogs of nourishment. They cause fits. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES for roundworms and hookworms in pups. SERGEANT'S SURE SHOT CAPSULES are best for older dogs.

A Famous Dog Book Free

Learn how to care for your dog . . . How to diagnose and treat his ailments . . . How to feed him . . . How to guard him from disease . . . How to keep him healthy, alert, full of pep. Write today for your *free* copy of "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." Contains a "Symptom Chart" that diagnoses dog diseases at a glance. 48 pages of information that every dog owner needs. Fully illustrated. Be sure to write for your copy. It may save your dog's life! It's *free.*

Our veterinarian will gladly advise you personally about your dog's health. Write him fully. This service costs you nothing.

FEED YOUR DOG ON "SERGEANT'S DOG FOOD," the ration that contains all the FRESH BEEF your dog must have for health and stamina.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1472 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT

"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, *don't waste* money on substitutes but write us for a box. Use 30 days. Pay us when satisfied.

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reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

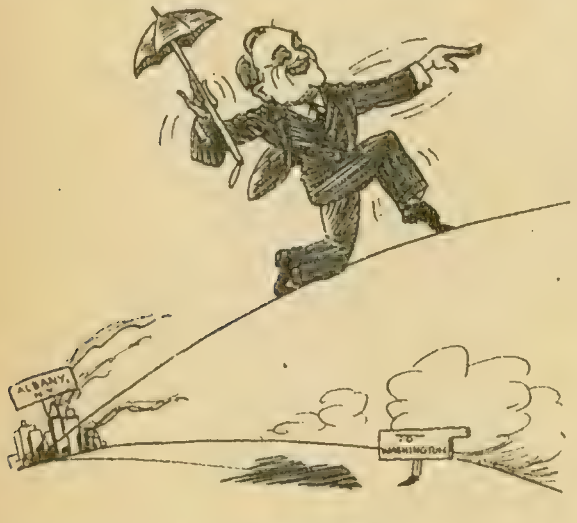
YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Vox

Mr. Roosevelt as a Tight-Wire Walker, and as—

CHICAGO, ILL.—Lowell Thomas' article, "Acrobats and Lion Tamers," hit me just right. It was swell stuff. But now that Mr. Thomas has told us about circus tight-wire walkers, tell him to give us something about a political tight-wire walker.

I mean Franklin D. Roosevelt. That man is sure having one ticklish time, trying to walk a tight wire all the way from Albany to Washington.



It's my hunch that he hasn't the ghost of an idea just how precarious and slippery that wire will prove. That misguided fifth cousin of the great T. R. honestly and innocently believes that something, or somebody, is going to hand him the White House, and all that it stands for, on a silver platter.—*A Republican Who Sees the Joke.*

—the One Man to Lead Us

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Having read a great many articles by Franklin D. Roosevelt in Liberty, I feel I've had a peep into that man's mind. And it's a *good* mind—right on the job during every one of his waking hours.

This country is living through crucial years, and Roosevelt is the man to lead us in a crisis. Let's give him a chance to show what he can do!—*G. Austin.*

Hot Telegram

PHOENIX ARIZ

WITH GREAT AMAZEMENT I HAVE JUST READ ARTICLE ON WOMEN AND POLITICS BY JAY FRANKLIN STOP I DEEPLY RESENT EVERYTHING HE SAID ESPECIALLY COMPARING US TO COLORED PEOPLE AND ALSO PHYSICAL DISABILITY OF WOMEN STOP I DID NOT KNOW THERE EXISTED TODAY SUCH UNCHIVALROUS MEN

MRS CHARLES SUMER KENT PAST
PRESIDENT WOMANS REPUBLIC CLUB

Cool Retort

CANTON, OHIO—I would sure like to go gunning for that old Jay Franklin for the mean things he said about my sex in his article, "Have Women Made a Mess of Politics? Absolutely!" And I would, too, if I didn't agree with him!

Some women think that when they put on men's clothes they can fool the public into thinking they are men. They only fool themselves, for they must remember they have a few bumps sticking out here and there that tell the public they are still women. And being a woman is job enough for us to do right, without messing in the men's affairs.—*Catherine Fuelling.*

To Pay or Not to Pay, and if So—How?

GRAND LEDGE, MICH.—Your editorial entitled "Pay Two Billion Bonus to the Soldiers Without Cost to the Government" certainly sounds workable.

I have shown this editorial to numerous veterans of the A. E. F., and they one and all agree that they would like to see it put into action.—*Ex-A. E. F.*

ERIE, PA.—I suppose we still adhere to the quaint old notion that the government *is* the people. Your soldiers' bonus scrip proposal simply imposes a stamp tax on all transactions, to be paid by every purchaser, until the stuff has redeemed itself out of that tax.

The people can pay this kind of tax, or some other kind of tax, but the people will have to be taxed to pay the bonus if it is paid at all.

If this is a government of the people, you can't tell me that the government can *spend* two billion dollars *without expense!*—*J. G. Curtis.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your plan to pay the soldiers' bonus is a well conceived idea—but can the harebrained fanatics of Congress grasp the plan?—*World War Veteran.*

A Colonel's Tribute to a Sergeant

DALLAS, TEX.—Accept my thanks for the story, "Shoot and Be Damned!"

Barring some of the words of Ralph Goll, which, at times, are his own without question, Sergeant Halyburton has related a remarkable story. All of which has the ring of truth.

Colonel A. P. Watts

I recall Sergeant Halyburton in the 16th Infantry at El Paso, and as I recall his personal appearance he has all of the outward signs of a man of force and decision. He did the things he claims to have done, and he is capable of doing them again.

I should like to have been present and watched the sergeant do his stuff in those prison camps. I'll wager it was rich and racy.

You can't publish too many stories of the type of "Shoot and Be Damned!" especially in these days of welshers, pikers, and veteran-knockers.—*A. P. Watts, Colonel, U. S. A., Retired.*

Turn to Page Seven, and You'll Find the First One

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—To anyone who aspired to achieve any measure of success in the literary field your First Story Offer must have been a veritable godsend! Your editorial policy must be liberal and magnanimous indeed.

Irving Weisser

Unknown writers can readily relate their difficulties in "crashing" the nationally circulated publications. How gratefully they must have welcomed Liberty's fine gesture to the undiscovered author!

Your judges have been working a long time, choosing the best stories, and we're now waiting impatiently for you to print the stories you selected.

Let's have 'em!—*Irving Weisser.*

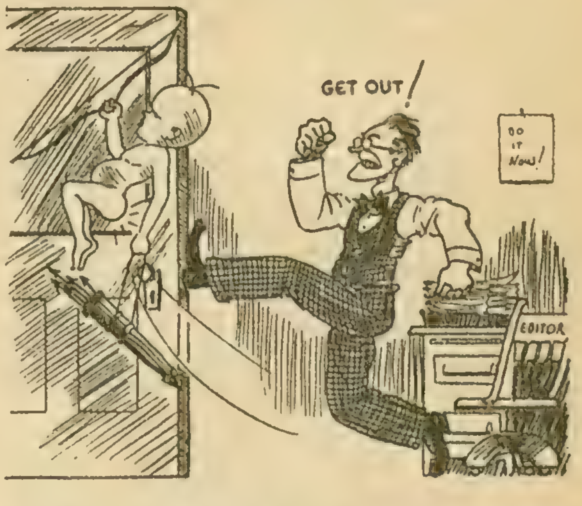
Hands Across the Atlantic

PRINCE ALBERT, SASK., CAN.—I have just finished reading Vincent Sheean's "And the Hon. Roderick Hurried." A fine yarn, and thanks for it—a lot! Dora is a lovable girl and the folks across the herring pond are treated with kindly understanding instead of brutal caricature.

If Vincent can give us more of these Anglo-American stories he'll do more to cement the bonds of friendship than all the Olympic games that ever were played.—*H. S. M. Kemp.*

What! No Love?

SUMMERSVILLE, W. VA.—As a reader of Liberty since 1924 I am at this time greatly disappointed in my favorite periodical, for there is nothing to read but love stories and more love stories. Of course, the editorials are unsurpassed and the Roosevelt articles worth while, but, at that, they seem to be out of place among so much frivolous love matter.


GET OUT!
DO IT NOW!
EDITOR

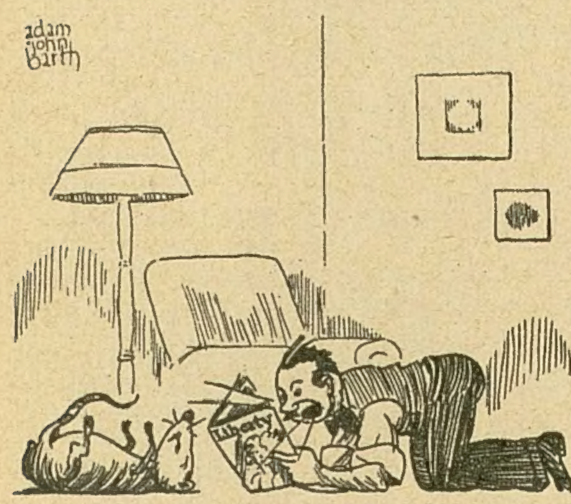
Why not kick Cupid out and bring Liberty back as the leading periodical of its kind, with more of the stuff that made it? Stuff about real people and events.
—*Joe H. Alderson.*

Pop

He Must Have Thought He Was in Heaven

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I want to tell you how good your magazine is. The stories are fine. But there is something of more importance I wish to tell you. Yours is a very handy magazine.

I was sitting at home one evening when I noticed a large rat skulking near our cupboard. I knew immediately what his intention was. But how was I to get rid of him?



There were four voluminous magazines lying close by, but did I grab any one of them to swat the rat? No! I went to the bookcase and took out a Liberty and read the rat a story—and he died with a contented look on his face.—*Samuel Allen Haft.*

Toward the Happy Ending, on a Farm

STILLWATER, OKLA.—In encouraging the back-to-the-farm movement for the unemployed it seems to me that Liberty is going at a good thing in a bad way. Instead of having Mary Noble tell of the fairylike results obtained by some farmers and their wives she should also tell of the giants and other discouragements said farmers and their wives have conquered before they finally reached the "happily ever afterward" endings.

Farming isn't to be done solely by a determination to endure hard work. There is a system that must be learned about it, just as there is about carpentering, steamfitting, and every other occupation.

Farmers, as a rule, do have plenty to eat, but it isn't always that they can sell enough to pay the taxes and the interest, to say nothing of the principal itself Hence so many foreclosures, which do *not* read like fairy tales.

Those who are taking these articles seriously should do a lot of investigating before they make the move. They should select a locality seriously, and make a visit to it.

They should talk to the neighbors of the place, and shouldn't discredit the pessimistic ones too much.

And, lastly, have some money ahead. You'll need it to buy live stock and farming implements, and seed and fencing, besides enough to grubstake you while you're learning to farm. For, after all, it takes a year to raise things to put in cans, and sometimes the years aren't favorable.

And if, after all this, you still desire to farm, get you a farm in your chosen community, and rent it. I wouldn't buy it until I had tried it a year at least. Be neighborly, and take the profession seriously, as if your life depended upon it; as if you couldn't drop it and go back to the city to be an electrician, or a bricklayer—as if you knew nothing else but farming, and *had* to farm, for better or worse.

And may the Lord help you!—*Farmer's Wife.*

They Know It, Bless 'Em. They're Part of Our Public

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Over in Canada they say, "We have the liberty and you have the statue."

You tell 'em we have Liberty, too, and with a capital L.—*E. L. Deeds.*

When the Sum of Many Words Is—Zero

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—In one of your late issues I read where Shri Sadguru Meher Baba, a disciple of Universal Love, contemplates breaking a seven-year period of self-imposed silence with an address on the radio.

The article was called "I Can Hardly Believe It, Myself."

Just think! Seven years of saying nothing!! That's a long time, but Mr. Baba will have to go home and train another seven years before he can get in front of the microphone and say less than some of our politicians have been babbling into it.

But give Baba credit, anyway. He's trying!—*Bill Burton.*

We Know. You Can't Leap

SCRANTON, PA.—To me, Liberty is a joke. Yes, just droll.

When I have nothing else to do, my last resort is picking up your five-cent magazine.

Joseph E. Halchak

The other day, sitting in the orchard reading Liberty, my mother must have called at least a dozen times, "Joe, dinner's ready!" But don't misunderstand. Don't think for one moment that I suddenly became interested in your weekly.

You ask, why didn't I leap up and run to dinner, then? Ah, well—perhaps I wasn't hungry. Perhaps I suddenly got deaf. Perhaps—

Well, why do *you* think I didn't leap up and run?—*Joseph E. Halchak.*

Portrait of an Ideal Liberty

GULFPORT, MISS.—Let me give you my idea of an ideal Liberty.

One story by Elliott White Springs.

One old-time actual murder (real) story by Edward Pearson.

Two stories by Beatrice Grimshaw.

One article by Adela Rogers St. Johns on some famous movie star.

One article, "To the Ladies," by Princess Kropotkin.

One story by Paul Annixter.

And, if there has to be a serial, let Robert W. Chambers write it.—*Mrs. A. E. Fischer.*

And It's Never Too Early to Buy a Good Thing

MISSOULA, MONT.—Have you ever heard the old slogan, "Never too late . . ."? Well, it's never too late to print a good issue of Liberty.—*Victor Bleier.*

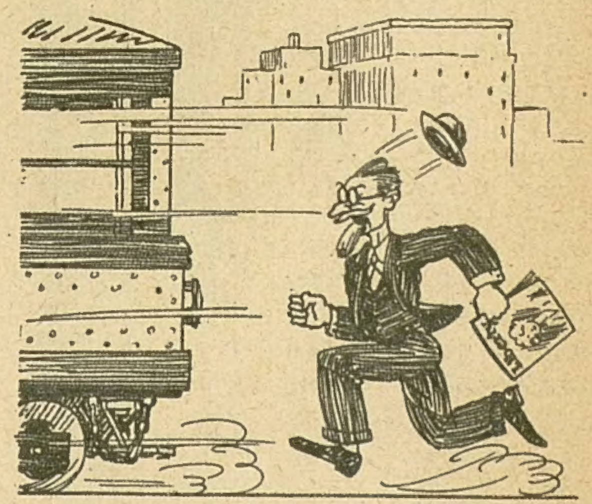
Whoops and Double Whoops!

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Have just finished reading Frank W. Wead's short short story, "Bluff." In my not-too-humble opinion it is the best short short you have ever published. I propose three cheers and a couple of hoorays for Frank W. Wead. Whoops!—*George L. Lyman.*

Never Eat the Titles

WESTLOCK, ALTA., CAN.—My client Sandy McNabb seeks damages. His complaint is as follows:

Saturday morning he entered the corner drug store to wait for the street car. He picked up Liberty and turned to your short short story. It was then exactly seven five A. M. His street car was due at seven eleven.



He became absorbed in "Ham and Eggs," and the moment he had finished and laid the book down it was seven twelve and his street car was gone, although he tried hard to catch it. The reading time was stated to be 5 minutes 8 seconds, so you see, gentlemen, you were out exactly 1 minute 52 seconds, "Sandy" time.

Sandy wants me to take the case on a percentage basis. What to do? What to do?—*Ewart W. Stutchbury.*

PEER INTO THE FUTURE

The Pen of Today and Tomorrow

LOOK ahead a few years and you will see everybody writing with the new Conklin Nozac (no sack)—"The Pen That Winds Like A Watch." It's the new thing in modern writing equipment. To fill and empty you turn the knurled end of the barrel. It holds 35% more ink than conventional pens. A transparent section in the barrel makes the ink supply visible at all times. Every school boy and girl needs one of these amazing new pens. In beautiful new colors, $5.00 and more. Any dealer will gladly show it to you. Another outstanding pen is the Conklin Endura at $5.00 and more—the peer of the best of all pens employing the familiar rubber sack ink reservoir. Other new Conklins $2.75 and more. See them in stores of leading dealers everywhere.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

MORE LIMERICK WINNERS

JULY 23

$100 FIRST PRIZE

MRS. W. C. TISCHER, St. Joseph, Mo.

A microphone crooner was Joe,
Who smiled as he sang sweet and low.
But was his face red
When the " fan " letters said:
" You're taking the ether too slow."

$50 SECOND PRIZE

FLORENCE Y. CHAMBERLIN
Trenton, N. J.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

R. RUBYE HINTGEN
Sioux City, Ia.

SIXTY-FIVE $5 PRIZES

W. L. Andrews, Corpus Christi, Tex.; J. H. Asbury, San Bruno, Calif.; O. L. Archer, Rochester, N. Y.; Joseph A. Ball, Clementon, N. J.; C. W. Barnes, Tampa, Fla.; Mrs. C. L. Benton, Corvallis, Ore.; Leon W. Brodowski, Trenton, N. J.; Kathryn Frances Bell, Elkins Park, Pa.; Edith L. Bright, Glenolden, Pa.; Mrs. Alice W. Bent, Los Angeles, Calif.; Laura M. Buck, Shamokin, Pa.; J. S. Campbell, Norfolk, Va.; Betty Collier, Ft. Pierce, Fla.; N. R. Callender, Benton Harbor, Mich.; P. D. Carey, St. Louis, Mo.; Anne Caplan, Dallas, Tex.

R. A. Downes, Pulaski, N. Y.; George H. Davis, Fresno, Calif.; T. W. Erickson, Aberdeen, Wash.; Ruth Freeman, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. A. S. Goodman, Thomaston, Ga.; May E. Gallagher, Rochester, N. Y.; J. G. Harl, Philadelphia, Pa.; F. A. Hahn, Baltimore, Md.; F. P. Hall, San Rafael, Calif.; Edward J. Hammer, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Clarence R. Isaac, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Edgar Isham, Eloise, Mich.; H. W. Korber, Freeport, N. Y.; E. L. Lawson, Darlington, Wis.; W. Locke, Harrisburg, Ill.; A. Levine, New Castle, Pa.

Mrs. T. H. McMahon, Rome, N. Y.; Anne M. Moran, Albany, N. Y.; W. E. Moyer, Ithaca, N. Y.; Fritz Mergenthaler, Baltimore, Md.; Margery A. Miles, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Dell Montgomery, Lancaster, Pa.; Mary Morris, Cincinnati, Ohio; Josephine O. Miranda, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Thos. J. Newman, Ellwood City, Pa.; Edmund H. Paret, Englewood, N. J.; Gwen Phillips, Winnipeg, Man.; George M. Payne, Cincinnati, Ohio; Freda L. Quigley, Moville, Ia.; Irving Russell, Batavia, N. Y.; John L. Ryan, Everett, Mass.; Dorothy S. Rupert, Tacoma Park, Md.

Laura E. Scott, Fort Madison, Ia.; Ruth Strauss, Lansford, Pa.; Bob Stout, Jackson, Ohio; Tom Sloan, Shawinigan Falls, Que.; Byron M. Small, Farmington, Me.; Fred A. Saberhagen, Chicago, Ill.; John S. Siebert, San Diego, Calif.; Marvin Schlechte, Rosenberg, Tex.; Mrs. Pearl Slade, Ottawa, Ont.; Francis E. Suter, Bensenville, Ill.; Charles G. Shepherd, Elmhurst, Ill.; R. Burge Toney, Louisville, Ky.; Robert Z. Virgin, Wheeling, W. Va.; Jean Vanderslice, Hartford, Conn.; Elsie Wendell, Cleveland, Ohio; J. F. Weymouth, San Francisco, Calif.; Raymond Walker, Toledo, Ohio.

JULY 30

$100 FIRST PRIZE

WILLIAM B. DAVIS, Meridian, Miss.

That most absent-minded of men,
Professor Adolphus McFenn,
Forgot his address,
And you never would guess—
"Wise guys get that way now and then."

$50 SECOND PRIZE

EDWARD MARTIN
Boston, Mass.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

MARGARET P. JARBOE
Greensboro, N. C.

SIXTY-FIVE $5 PRIZES

Nelson Andrews, Toronto, Ont.; Viola Alberts, Elkhart, Ind.; B. E. Bergman, Chicago, Ill.; Albert R. V. Barnett, Rochester, N. Y.; Thelma M. Black, Detroit, Mich.; Howard B. Bonfield, St. Augustine, Fla.; Cleone Duke Braswell, Fort Valley, Ga.; E. S. Brew, Wichita, Kan.; W. A. Bustin, Drumheller, Alta.; John H. Buchanan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. V. Breeden, Roanoke, Va.; George H. Capewell, Lakewood, Ohio; Violet Clotworthy, Baltimore, Md.; A. E. Cole, Los Angeles, Calif.; Bertha Comberger, Chicago, Ill.; Carlton Culmsee, Provo, Utah.

A. A. Craig, Atlanta, Ga.; K. W. Dittmer, Napoleon, Ohio; Winnie D. Deal, Spencer, N. C.; Merrill Elliot, Los Angeles, Calif.; S. S. Forst, Los Angeles, Calif.; C. J. Flanagan, New York, N. Y.; E. A. Fraser, Alhambra, Calif.; Jone. F. Freitas, San Francisco, Calif.; Robert T. Gidley, Melrose, Mass.; Harry W. Gruver, York, Pa.; George L. Hall, Greensboro, N. C.; A. S. Hickerson, Baytown, Tex.; Kate W. Horwood, Hoboken, N. J.; Albert Johnson, Springfield, Ohio; Maymie R. Krythe, Long Beach, Calif.; Harry E. Lane, Cleveland, Ohio.

G. Landrum, Sacramento, Calif.; A. J. Liebmann, New York, N. Y.; Pat E. Loftus, Portland, Me.; Frances Lackey, Seattle, Wash.; John G. McCormack, Seattle, Wash.; Kathleen V. McFeely, Palo Alto, Calif.; James C. Melody, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ben R. MacElvain, Noblesville, Ind.; Edmund S. Middleton, Baltimore, Md.; Miss F. H. McIntyre, Rochester, N. Y.; Floyd Miller, Harmarville, Pa.; Mrs. Edith McNaughton, Rochester, N. Y.; Marion B. Forsythe, Waddington, N. Y.; Howard Plummer, Kingston, Mass.; H. J. Price, Lloydminster, Sask.; Harriet C. Powers, Caribou, Me.

H. D. Murray, York, Pa.; H. M. Nelson, Fergus Falls, Minn.; Florence F. Roan, Cisco, Tex.; L. Davis Reese, Denver, Colo.; Glenn Stallard, Elizabethton, Tenn.; Mrs. E. C. Shannon, Washington, D. C.; J. J. Schneider, Monroe, Wis.; E. N. Snider, Washington, D. C.; James Stevens, Bakersfield, Calif.; Leonard Van Hoven, Zeeland, Mich.; Mrs. E. A. Webster, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. E. Walts, Reno, Nev.; Mrs. W. A. Wayman, Bowling Green, Ohio; Mrs. Blanche G. White, Evansville, Ind.; Edward R. White, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Carl Wing, Norridgewock, Me.; C. E. Wherrett, Ocean View, Va.

HELPFUL INFLUENCES ARE ACCUMULATING

No one can ring a gong when the bottom is reached, as the bottom of all things is not reached at the same time. However, the recent *improvement in commodity prices* is leading to the hope that the turn has come in some directions.

◆

In the West, the *rise in hog and cattle prices* is fostering increased confidence, and holds promise of renewed purchasing power among the farmers this Fall.

◆

With the *Home Loan Banks* will come a measure of relief for many home owners, while the wider use of the *trade acceptance* is aimed at the *stimulation of credit,* and benefiting the individual merchant and business man.

◆

Adjournment of Congress relieves business from further tax increases and agitation for the balance of the year, but leaves us with *adequate relief measures* for the coming Fall and Winter.

◆

The *strengthening of bond prices* has added hundreds of millions of dollars to the reserves of financial institutions, and *bank and business failures* are reported sharply reduced from recent levels. This, and other favorable factors, are tending to bring *new issues of securities* into the market.

Through the Glass-Steagall Bill the *powers of the Federal Reserve Board have been broadened,* and the committees of bankers and industrialists in the several Reserve districts are at work *bringing together worthy projects and dependable financing.*

◆

The capital of the *Reconstruction Finance Corporation* has been raised to *four billion dollars*—the largest sum ever entrusted to a single government agency for peacetime allocation—and is a *strong influence for financial stability.*

◆

At Lausanne, the *leading European nations* have found a *larger common footing* than at any time since the War. In Ottawa, the family of British Commonwealths is meeting to consider its mutual problems in relation to World affairs. These deliberations may pave the way for a further and more effective meeting of the conference on reduced armaments.

◆

Definite action on the *St. Lawrence-Seaway* project has added *confidence* to other hopeful conditions in the *mid-west,* while throughout the country there is a growing conviction that it is about time to make *needed replacements,* and to *buy or build* what may be needed or wanted in the next few months.

The accumulation of these, and other helpful influences should result in an increased confidence.

The National Publishers' Association

"As the most nearly self-contained nation, we have within our own boundaries the elemental factors for recovery."

Published in the interests of a better understanding of the fundamental influences at work for national betterment

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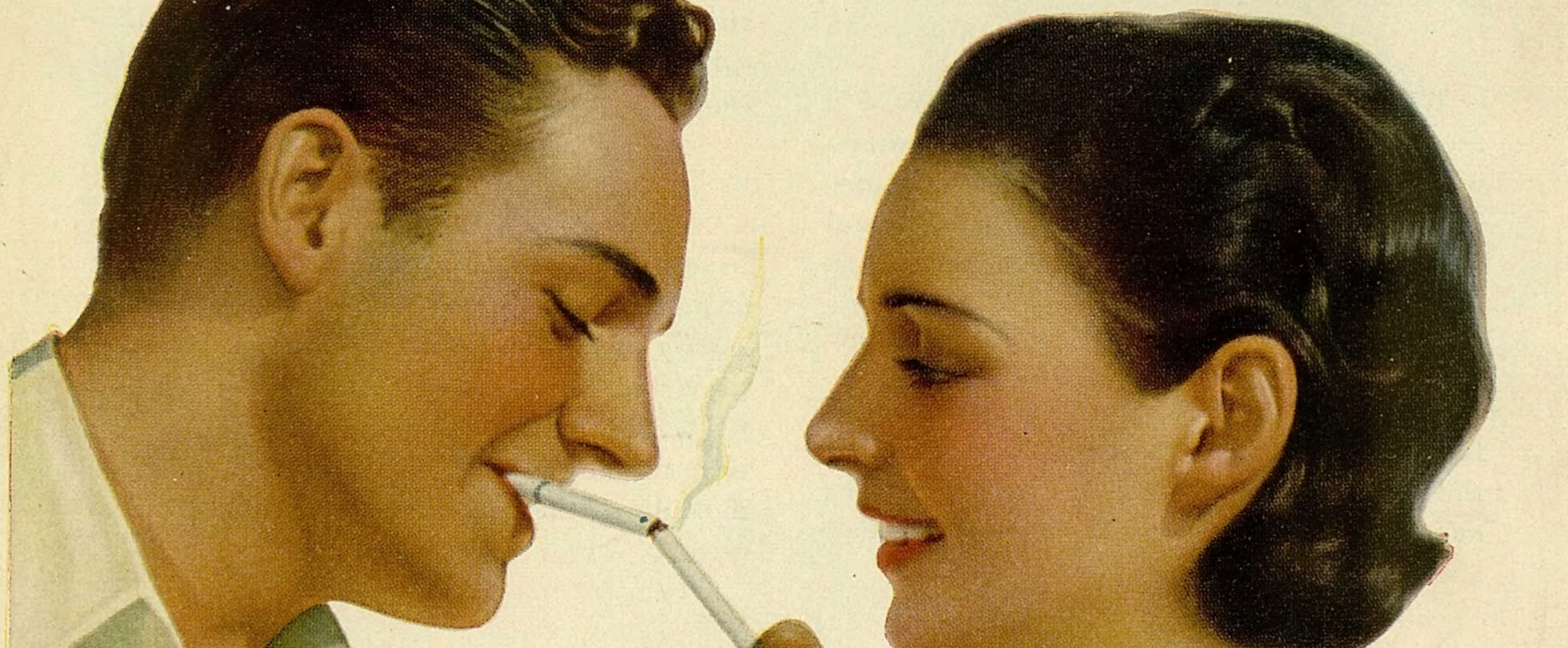
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